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THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS has dealt a blow to those advocates of the World Court who maintain that it has nothing to do with the League, beyond the fact that it was created by the League and its judges are selected by the League, in calling a meeting of the nations at Geneva on September 1 to consider the reservations made by the United States to its acceptance of World Court membership. It is no wonder that Senator Reed jumped to his feet in the Senate and said:

> We ratified the protocol on the assumption it was divorced from the League, but the fact that the League is now inviting us to discuss the reservations proves that this court never was anything but a League of Nations Court. . . . We are now to be asked to sit down outside of the League and confer with the gentlemen inside of the League with reference to whether we will accept the jurisdiction of the Court created, set, managed, and controlled by the gentlemen inside the League.

Naturally he called upon his colleagues to undo the "sorry day's work" that they did when they voted us into the World Court. The Administration, too, is reported as much "stirred" by the League's action. It had expected to negotiate independently with each of the forty-eight signatory countries, but it had never any desire to have the League simplify matters by asking all the nations to meet under its auspices and decide whether they would or would not accept our terms. Should the League collapse next autumn, this particular court will, of course, fall with it.

"LOUD CHEERING, hand-clapping, and stamping of feet by more than 800 spectators marked the adoption by the City Council tonight of a race-segregation ordinance," we are told in dispatches from Indianapolis of March 16. The local legislature of this Northern city thus fixed districts in which colored persons might establish residence and forbade white people to reside in colored districts. In other words, the Council has voted to establish a ghetto on American soil and it has gone further than most of the cities that have taken similar action by ordering white people to keep out of the Negro zones. This action serves a useful purpose in calling attention once more to the national character of the Negro problem and to the fact that it has got to be fought out in the North as well as the South. As for the ordinance itself, we have reason to hope that it will soon be smashed by the Supreme Court of the United States. For there is likely to be handed down by that court any day a decision in the segregation cases which have already been argued before it by Moorfield Storey and a group of distinguished lawyers. We cannot believe that this body will consent to the establishment of a ghetto in America. If it does we are in for the same old fight that has gone on in Europe over the Jewish ghettoes, and the result here will be the same—the final sweeping out of this utterly medieval device which does complete violence to everything which America stands for. There can be no other permanent solution of the question.

THE BATTLE ROYAL for the water-power sites of the republic goes grimly on. On the one side is the wayfaring man in whom, through the person of his government, is vested—or was vested—the rights to sources of electrical and mechanical energy. On the other side are the great power corporations, rapidly merging into one gigantic power trust, who covet these sites for profitable exploitation. Governor Smith is trying desperately to hold Niagara for the benefit of the people. Meanwhile the Senate votes to turn over Muscle Shoals to the power trust. For Muscle Shoals the wayfaring man, through his government, has already paid $156,000,000. There stands the greatest dam in the world completed and ready to serve him. But the private power interests are moving heaven and earth to prevent any such service. They are scared to death that Muscle Shoals may prove another Ontario hydro-electric development. It has already cost them a pretty penny in publicity to keep Ontario covered with muddy lies, and they blanch at the thought of having to do the same thing for Muscle Shoals—if indeed they could do it at all. With the plant all built and paid for, it is no technical problem at all for the United States Government to produce—if not distribute—great quantities of electric power at an embarrassingly low cost. Nor would the Government seek to pad its cost sheets by the application of the higher metaphysics to the valuation of physical assets. At all hazards, then, Muscle Shoals must be prevented from furnishing a horrible example to the wayfaring man. A horrible example, be it understood, from the power trust's point of view. But perhaps the interests of the people are entitled to some consideration also.

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IN OUR DISCUSSION of the Interstate Commerce Commission's disapproval of the proposed merger of the Van Sweringen roads, we made, like most commentators, the statement that the commission approved of the plan as a transportation project but vetoed it for financial reasons. It now appears that the first press reports were misleading, and that this was the opinion of only three of the eight commissioners who participated in the decision. Of the other opinions, we quote two: Mr. Eastman, chairman of the commission, expressing his view and that of Commissioner McManamy said: "Nor am I in accord with the finding that from a transportation standpoint the 'proposed acquisitions of control are in the public interest.' In my judgment the evidence falls short of establishing that fact." Commissioner Aitchison, with whom Commissioner Campbell agreed, went farther than Mr. Eastman and Mr. McManamy. The following is from his concurring opinion: "But from the transportation standpoint I would find that the present record establishes that it is not in the public interest that the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Hocking Valley should be taken with the other railroads involved under common control by the new Nickel Plate Company." Many students of the opinions are now convinced that it is far from the fact to suppose that mere changes in the financial plans will result in the approval of this merger. There are eleven members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and with four of them on record as above it is not likely that a new proposal for justice to the minority stockholders will meet with prompt acceptance by the commission.

THE LIFTING of the blockade of the port of Tientsin, by the Chinese authorities in submission to the ultimatum of the foreign Powers, has removed the possibility of serious trouble as a result of the Taku forts firing upon two Japanese destroyers. But the affair will have its consequences none the less in the increased bitterness which follows every intervention by the foreign Powers, especially as Chinese opinion holds the Japanese to be the aggressors. In this case the Powers acted in accord with the Treaty of 1901, now obsolete, which gave them the right to keep open the Pei River. Apparently the American Government nearly associated itself with this action. In one of his admirable dispatches from China, Thomas F. Millard declared that the decision would establish "a precedent as indicating the attitude of America toward the whole set of existing treaties which steadily and constantly are breaking up." He also declared that the result of such action would only be to sustain "the selfish motives of certain Powers." It is most gratifying to know that a group of ten missionaries, representing the Rockefeller Foundation, the Peking Union Medical College, Yenching University, and the Presbyterian and Methodist missionary bodies, called upon the American Minister, Mr. MacMurray, on March 17, and protested against our participation in the proposed action of foreign naval forces. Such a participation, they declared, "would violate the spirit of friendly cooperation in the efforts of the Chinese to solve their own problems, and would constitute a departure from the traditional American policy of friendship for China."

THE TRIAL OF AMERIGO DUMINI and four other Fascists for the kidnapping and murder of the Socialist Deputy Matteotti has been, up to the time of going to press, as inconclusive as Mussolini, if he permitted himself to be interested, might wish. Dumini's defense is that he had intended only to kidnap Matteotti, and that the Deputy inconveniently died on his hands. The court examined the motor car used in the kidnapping for the bloodstains of which the defense has offered no explanation, and then sat back to listen obediently to unflattering descriptions of Matteotti's political character. Judge Danza protested, to be sure, at the irrelevancy of evidence that Matteotti was a dangerous enemy to the country, but though his protests met with sharp retorts from Farinacci, the Fascist leader who is acting as counsel for the defense, the judge's amiable temper was not sufficiently ruffled even to prevent him from exchanging compliments with the defense counsel. Unfortunately, Cesare Rossi's widely heralded "revelations" have proved equally inconclusive. Was it for this he made his thrilling escape into France, that he might use the newspapers for descriptions of Mussolini that are lyrical with hate, and for the reiterated self-justifications of an uneasy conscience? Of course there are charges, thirty-seven of them, to be exact, but they are hastily piled up, not even in the order of their importance, and left with their toppling weight unsupported by a single stick of evidence. What Rossi's empty revelations lack, readers of *The Nation* may find on another page of this issue, in a continuation of the series of articles on Mussolini by James Murphy.

ITALY'S DICTATOR says nothing either to the trial at Chieti or to the revelations proceeding from Paris, but the Fascist press says for him that he is interested in neither. He meanwhile amuses himself with devising new muzzles for newspapers in the form of permissions from prefects and procurators-general, and with flourishing his Big Stick at radical Italians in this country who have dared to criticize him even at a distance of several thousand miles. Carlo Tresca, the editor of *Il Martello* in New York, Vincenzo Vacirca of *Il Nuovo Mondo*, and others are the objects of proceedings in Rome to deprive them of citizenship and confiscate their property in Italy. Another ring of the Italian circus is the trial, presently to begin, of Senator Lucchini for publishing in his criminological review, the *Rivista Penale*, the full text of the Premier's recent oratorical attack on Germany apropos of South Tyrol. The aged Senator found the speech a "fine subject" for criminological study. But the indiscriminate printing of Il Duce's speeches is probably not quite so foolhardy as the indiscriminate printing of his photographs. A Fascist paper of Milan was recently sequestrated by the Prefect for printing pictures of Mussolini which, though intended by the editor to do honor to the Premier, instead betrayed the fact that the strong man is sick and suffering.

IMPROBABLE as it admittedly is that the plebiscite in Tacna-Arica will ever be held, or, if held, that it will settle the dispute between Chile and Peru, the suggestion that Bolivia buy the territory seems a good one. A plebiscite might settle the fate of the disputed territory, but it would not allay the ill-feeling that has existed between the claimants during forty years of controversy, and which has grown in these months of endless preparation for a settlement by vote. It is hard to see what purpose the strip of sand will serve for either Chile or Peru, unless it be national pride. Bolivia, on the other hand, would gain the port of Arica and an outlet to the sea for which she

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has yearned since she lost Antofagasta to Chile. No official announcement has yet been made. In the meantime, the machinery for the plebiscite has still to be set in motion. The registration, which was to have begun on March 15, had been postponed, as we went to press, until March 27, at the demand of the Peruvian representative, who made charges of violence on the part of the Chileans. There is no guaranty that either of the claimants will not withdraw at any stage, and render useless the entire effort. There is no apparent reason why both Chile and Peru should not welcome an offer from Bolivia as an opportunity to exchange the uncertain value of their troublesome claims for the certain value of dollars.

THE METROPOLITAN Life Insurance Company has made concrete its proposals for assisting Governor Smith's housing measure for New York State. Mr. Stabler, comptroller of the company, has laid the plan before the Joint Judiciary Committee at Albany. His testimony followed a particularly sordid exhibition by the embattled realtors, who sought to maintain their sacred right to control a situation which they have proved themselves utterly incompetent to handle. Mr. Stabler answered them in these words: "Let them say what they will about some of these houses in Manhattan; the conditions are inexpressibly horrible. You would not put an animal to live in some of these places. Some of these who have testified think that because they exist, they must always exist. For God's sake, gentlemen [to the committee], do not take that attitude. You can do a greater service to the city than was done by the Tenement House Law. All the real-estate people objected to that at the time it was passed." We like Mr. Stabler's passion even better than we do his plan—which is a good one. It is this spirit, and only this spirit, which can rescue the slum dweller from his unspeakable hovels and from the vultures which prey upon him there. Meanwhile the Metropolitan stands ready to put $50,000,000 into Governor Smith's measure.

THE JUDICIAL WEAKENING of laws of the Clayton-act type has discouraged the pursuit by labor organizations of positive rights and immunities through legislation. The validation of the provision for jury trial in contempt cases where the contempt is also a crime has, on the other hand, aroused hope of further relief. In support of an effort in that direction to be made in the New York Legislature, Henry T. Hunt, formerly a member of the Railway Labor Board, has submitted a brief for a law under which an injunction against a labor organization, if opposed, could not be issued unless a jury upon evidence, instead of a judge upon affidavits, should find that facts existed making it proper. Such a remedy would fall short of cutting all the roots of the abuse of injunctions in labor cases. But, as Mr. Hunt points out, the courts of New York have stated the abstract legal principles of this subject with comparative open-mindedness. The just grievances of labor against legal principles seem less than those against the anti-labor bias of a good many judges as triers of fact and the zeal of lawyers in drawing affidavits which discolor truth. Of course it will be objected that jury trials take time—that the theoretically "irreparable" injuries to employers which are supposed to justify injunctions might sometimes be fully accomplished before a jury trial could be completed. But what of the genuinely irreparable injuries to working people which result from wrongly granted injunctions? The injunction is historically an "extraordinary" remedy. An employer entitled to an injunction is usually better able to stand the consequence of a slight delay than is a labor union to stand those of an over-facile issuance of the writ.

A JUDGE IN MISSISSIPPI recently surprised and perturbed the press of that section by forbidding it to print the evidence in a murder trial on the ground that it was likely to prejudice the verdict. Such action is unusual in this country, although in England the press is greatly restricted in what it may print during a trial. Probably the judge's contention is inconsistent with and impracticable to impose upon American journalism, but there is much more to be said for it than for the action of jurists in trying to stifle criticism of a verdict or judicial decision after it has been rendered. Anyhow the New Orleans newspapers, although threatened with punishment for contempt, reported the trial in the usual way and we have not yet heard of any action against them. The New York *World* commends their independence, contrasting it with the cowardice of Mississippi educators in permitting lately the passage of an anti-evolution bill without a fight. We join in praising the New Orleans newspapers for upholding the traditional rights of the American press in regard to court trials, but we suggest that they dodged their responsibility in regard to the anti-evolution law almost as generally as did the teachers. The New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, the most important newspaper in the region, indicated mild dissent but signally failed to put up any vigorous opposition to the bill.

A MOST INTERESTING journalistic figure, Edward W. Scripps, died on his yacht in Monrovia Bay, of apoplexy, on March 12, and his body was consigned to the ocean three days later. Four years ago Mr. Scripps turned over to his son, Robert P. Scripps, in association with Roy W. Howard, no less than twenty-three newspapers he had owned besides giving six to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. James G. Scripps. He was the founder of the United Press Association, which has been built up into a tremendously important and valuable news service, and of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, which serves many hundreds of newspapers, as well as of the Science Service, the object of which is to give to the public reliable news of scientific progress. This was an extraordinary achievement for a man who started off in the historic American manner with small means and only a public-school education. But he came of a newspaper family, he had extraordinary ability and industry, and, moreover, he was averse to notoriety and self-advertisement, so that few people have realized either his achievements or the kind of man he was. Indeed, he was probably less well known than any man in American journalism who has achieved great success. Above all, Mr. Scripps was of a distinctly liberal cast of mind, and while his newspapers do not always represent the best in American journalism, and frequently stoop to conquer in their respective fields, they are usually liberal and progressive, and so is the United Press. For this reason Mr. Scripps deserved well of the public and of the country which he deserted four years ago to wander about the waters of the earth on his yacht, without any member of his family on the vessel, and with every preparation made to have his body buried at sea should his end come while abroad—as it actually did.

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The League Unveiled

AGAIN has the League of Nations revealed its inability to grapple with an important issue; this time so spectacularly that even its ardent champions are abashed. When the League kept silent in the face of the Ruhr outrage, defaulted on the opium issue, ran away from the Mosul question, and abdicated its functions when Mussolini murdered defenseless orphans in Corfu, we heard apologies and excuses without end. The League was young; give it a chance. By turning over the Corfu incident to the Council of Ambassadors the League's Council showed, we were told, great skill in avoiding an issue which might have disrupted the organization, an issue the ambassadors could handle as well. Thus ran the excuses. Now even the New York *Times* admits that it is "vain to deny" that the Geneva fiasco is a blow "to the prestige of the League." We are even spared the familiar poppycock that if the United States had been in the League this would not have happened. True, the *Times* comforts itself with the thought that all will be well in September when the Council will be reformed and Germany triumphantly admitted, and it gleefully declares that at least this proves that the League is not a superstate since the vote of one minor Power upset the program.

Out of that hope and that assertion the advocates of the League may get what comfort they can. The fact remains that the spectacle at Geneva was as humiliating as it was disgusting—and alarming. For here was deliberate trickery; here was evidence that Europe has learned nothing whatever from the alleged war to end war; here was the breaking of faith by England and France and Italy because, having made secret agreements at Locarno, they found themselves unable to deliver the goods or did not wish to when the time came. No sensible person can believe that Brazil out of mere incarnate deviltry of its own, out of wanton selfishness, put the League on the rocks. Had that been the case the welkin would have rung with denunciations of Brazil, and rightly so. Instead, there is hardly a word of castigation—merely a hasty creating of a committee to suggest some way of reconstituting the Council when the September meeting takes place. Brazil's action was actually welcome for the delay it created. Even the most anti-German correspondents admit that Germany acted correctly. The truth is that there was a deliberate effort to recreate the old, deadly European balance of power and that the chief Allies, after publicly declaring their purpose to put Germany into the League, found themselves unable to do so because of private commitments by their envoys, one of whom, Austen Chamberlain, was at once disavowed by public opinion at home. Again, we have the confession of the correctness of the opposition's constantly voiced contention that, as long as the Council is organized as it is, it is useless to expect the League radically to reform itself or be the instrument of anything but the will of France, or England, or the Franco-Balkan group of states. Finally, as Gilbert Murray has written to the London *Times*, the League abdicated. There was no public meeting of the Council and no meeting whatsoever of the Assembly. As he puts it: "The League ceased to function while particular groups of Powers met and struggled and bargained in secret."

We have not the least desire to say we told you so. We are too aghast at the sordid spectacle of the same old kind of diplomacy which led Europe to disaster; at the vision of nationalism run wild which all the European correspondents of the great dailies have presented to us. For the nationalism the League is doubtless not to blame. Yet it is the very state of mind which the League was supposed to exorcise. What the correspondents have cabled has been more than confirmed by the unprecedentedly frank statements published from the White House as to the reports given to the President by Ambassador Houghton and Minister Gibson, who were specially summoned from Europe to discuss the situation. They are reported to have set forth that the League "is no longer a world league, but a European council which is in process of splitting into two camps and destined to lapse into impotency." It is further declared that the Powers neither wish to disarm nor to have the United States in their councils, and that each faction "is seeking to use this country as a catspaw to pull its own particular chestnuts out of the fire." As for disarmament, the report avers that the proposals are but "gestures to forestall the demands of Germany that the agreement embodied in the Treaty of Versailles for general disarmament be undertaken as soon as Germany is in the League." These diplomats are even indirectly quoted as saying that the present governments of Europe "are thinking only of national prestige and imperialist ambition, and of setting up combinations and alliances which will be able to face any other combination or alliance which an opposing group of nations may propose." Is there anything in this to encourage Americans to enter the League?

But, we hear it said, are you not then abandoning all hope for Europe; are you not presenting merely a picture of a Europe once more armed to the teeth and headed for destruction; are you not yielding the ground to every militarist in the United States? We cannot deny that this news from Europe will hearten every American militarist. Senator Reed even goes so far as to declare that if the American people understood it they would be drilling in every county in the land—a ridiculous absurdity. But we are not discouraged by all this because the situation has not fundamentally changed. *The Nation* has said from the day the Treaty of Versailles was published that there could be no peace in Europe until that infamous document was done away with, and it has opposed both the League and the World Court for the adequate reason that both of them kept alive the spirit of militarism and of making war which is at the bottom of all the mess in Europe. We have never faltered in our belief that the world was divided into two camps the day that the treaty was signed, and that until a new social spirit comes there will be little hope for a rapid advancement of mankind, however great the encouragement of a Locarno. We are now inclined to think that the revelation of what the League is, the unveiling of its inwardness which we are just beholding, will do more good than harm if it ends the agitation for our entrance into the League and compels us to face the facts to decide whither we are heading, and to work out a foreign policy which shall not be based on force or be the excuse for army and navy, but shall be founded upon the historic American doctrine of keeping out of entangling alliances and political commitments. Let us keep to ourselves politically.

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Low Wages, High Profits

THE strike in Passaic has spread to Washington. Secretary of Labor Davis has listened to a committee of the strikers and has proposed a settlement which involves an immediate return to work pending arbitration proceedings, in which the Secretary will pick the third member of the arbitration committee. The strikers have the proposal under consideration, but it is by no means sure that they will accept it as it stands. This kind of arbitration, as the anthracite miners learned to their bitter cost in 1920, is not always as fair as it appears on the surface.

Meanwhile it may not be out of order to look into the financial affairs of the chief company involved in the controversy, since the principles at stake are of nation-wide application and crop up in numerous other industrial conflicts. The facts and figures which follow are taken from the reports of the Standard Statistics Company. The Botany Consolidated Mills was incorporated on March 21, 1924, under the laws of Delaware. Its function is mainly that of a holding company. It has acquired 99 per cent of the stock of the Botany Worsted Mills in Passaic, the assets and business of the Garfield Worsted Mills in Garfield, New Jersey, and large interests in two German textile groups, Kammgarnspinnerei-Stohr and Company and the Elberfelder Textilwerke, controlling some thirty affiliated companies in Germany, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Italy, Latvia, and Holland. The foreign companies are engaged in spinning and weaving woolen fabrics, ribbons, tapes, and laces. They employ, all told, about 11,000 workers. The New Jersey companies constitute complete units for the manufacture of dress goods, cloakings, and worsted yarns.

When the holding company—christened the Botany Consolidated Mills—was organized, it proceeded to issue some $10,000,000 of 6½ per cent bonds. The bonds were sold by Blair and Company at 96½, and with the proceeds the holding company bought the assets and business of the Garfield Mills and part of the stock of the Botany Mills. The holding company also issued 100,000 shares of "Class A" 8 per cent participating preferred stock, with a par value of $50 a share, and 479,000 shares of common stock without par value. The Class A stock was sold by Blair and Company at 46½ to 48 per share; the proceeds were used to obtain an interest in the two German groups and also to make additional payments for the stock of the Botany Worsted Mills. Of the common stock, 461,187 shares were given in final payment for the Botany Worsted Mills stock, and 18,000 shares to hold options in the foreign companies. Thus a total of 479,187 common has been issued.

From the facts as given it would appear that the 1924 merger was initiated by the stockholders of the Botany Worsted Mills—probably the few large holders, as there seems to be a certain "minority interest" to reckon with. These majority holders, one suspects, organized the holding company, putting up their stock as security during the preliminary financing—apparently about 34,000 shares of the old Botany Mills issue. The financing brought them roughly $15,000,000 in cash—$10,000,000 from the bond issue and $5,000,000 from the sale of Class A stock. With this cash they purchased the Garfield Mills, lock, stock, and barrel, for a sum as yet unknown, loaned some $4,000,000 to the foreign companies and secured an option for their control, and paid an unknown but substantial balance to themselves for the surrender of their old stock to the new company. In addition, they distributed practically all of the common stock in the new company to themselves. Thus while they went into the deal with 34,000 shares, or thereabouts, of Botany Worsted Mills, they came out with a new operating company purchased outright (Garfield), important foreign holdings in thirty operating companies, a few millions in cash in pocket, and 479,000 new shares in the holding company. If this deduction is sound, it would appear that the 1924 merger was the familiar story of a shrewd reorganization whereby the accumulated surplus of a profitable operating company (in this case the Botany Worsted Mills) is made the subject for the cutting of a large melon in cash, accompanied by a tremendous inflation in the number of shares of common stock to a no-par basis. Thus the ratio of return on common can no longer be referred to a definite par basis, and any possible criticism for a high index of profitableness is avoided. Meanwhile, the outside investing public furnishes the cash for the reorganization, including the purchasing of new and valuable physical assets, by buying bonds and Class A stock, while the insiders keep the control and the bulk of whatever profits may be forthcoming.

The profits of the Botany Worsted Mills averaged $3,160,212 per year for the seven years ended December 31, 1923. On the basis of 34,000 shares of stock outstanding in the old company, this would mean an average per year of $93 per share. If the shares were $100 par, the rate of earnings would be no less than 93 per cent. Small wonder that the shareholders desired to transfer their stock into a form which invited less criticism. Five or six dollars a share on 479,000 no-par certificates has a better appearance than 93 per cent on 34,000 shares of $100 par—though the total in cash received is identical.

The profits of the holding company since the merger are reported as follows:

	Balance of year 1924	5 months to June 1, 1925
Net income	$1,731,298	$433,507
Minority interest claim	281,988	.....
Dividends paid	.....	200,000
Balance to surplus	$1,449,310	$233,507
Earnings per share		
Class A stock	$6.43	$2.12
Common stock	2.43	.46

The last reported balance sheet of the holding company, June 1, 1925, shows tangible assets of $51,766,000, liabilities of $22,957,000, and a net worth, or stockholders' equity of $28,809,000. Current assets are $27,000,000 while current liabilities are only $12,000,000—an excess of over two for one. Meanwhile surplus, or the total value of the no-par common stock, is no less than $23,809,000—or about $49 a share. Obviously this is a strong balance sheet.

When the strikers go into conference with their employers, they should bear these facts in mind as contrasted with the low wages of the workers. The workers should demand that the finances of their employers be fully revealed in any discussion of wages.

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Samoa—"Our Sole Despotism"

THE New York *Times* of March 14 contained an indictment of the government of American Samoa which we hope will lead to the congressional investigation demanded by the author, Lorrin A. Thurston, publisher of the Honolulu *Advertiser*. The headline writer of the *Times* gave the article the colorful title, Our Sole Despotism, Beautiful Samoa. Presumably he is unaware that we are maintaining an almost similar and equally despotic system of government in Guam and the Virgin Islands, not to speak of administering the affairs of the supposedly independent republic of Haiti by the armed forces of the Marine Corps.

Mr. Thurston went to Samoa last December, he writes, with nothing in mind except to make a collection of shells. "But no sooner did I arrive than there was thrust upon my attention from several responsible sources such astounding statements of fact that I felt that a decent regard for human rights, and for the reputation of the American people and Government, required some investigation and action." Had Mr. Thurston read the issues of *The Nation* for March 15 and April 12, 1922—where Samoa's story was set forth in detail—he would have been less surprised, but we trust no less disturbed, by what he learned. Mr. Thurston was struck first by the fact that we had no valid title to administer Samoa at all, and next by his discovery that our government there was vested in a single naval officer with practically unlimited powers.

> For example, only two years ago last fall the Governor of Samoa caused the trial of a Samoan for murder. The trial was by a court of three, consisting of one naval officer, one American civilian, and one native Samoan, not one of whom had any legal training. After a trial lasting less than a week a verdict of guilty was rendered and the defendant sentenced to be hanged!
>
> Defendant's attorney, who had been appointed by the Governor, immediately gave notice of appeal.
>
> "Samoan law does not provide for an appeal," said the Governor. "Who are you going to appeal to?"
>
> "To the President of the United States!" replied the attorney.
>
> "You're too late," replied the Governor. "We are going to hang defendant this afternoon!" And hang him they did—by the neck until he was dead.

Mr. Thurston goes on to say of this instance of drumhead justice:

> I saw an affidavit on file that the Governor admitted that the evidence at the trial was "all lies," but said that the decision was based on a statement made by the defendant to one of the judges prior to the trial—which statement was not presented at the trial and never came to the knowledge of the defendant's attorney. . . . And this execution was of a citizen of an independent government, over which the United States Congress has never extended jurisdiction and where we have no right except under the unauthorized "executive order" of the President.

Congress ought to send the navy back to sea, where it belongs, and establish civilian government not only for Samoa but also for our other possessions ruled by a naval autocracy: Guam and the Virgin Islands. Congress now has a bill before it to set up civilian government in the Virgin Islands, discussed in our issue of March 17 [page 273]. Let's pass this bill and then get on to similar action for Guam and Samoa.

A Sartorial Issue

ON a small scale the elements of an all-round revolution were contained in the recent misunderstanding between St. John's College at Fordham and Washington Square College of New York University. On one side were tradition, aristocracy, masculine exclusiveness—on the other, feminism and a sturdy resistance to useless and expensive conventions. Doubtless the Fordham boys had no idea of assuming a leisure-class pose. Possibly the New York University students were unconscious revolutionaries. If so, all the more significant was the contrast.

For four or five months the freshman debating team of each college had been preparing for a debate to be held at Fordham. Suddenly the meeting was canceled by the Fordham team. Two reasons were given: the New York University team had on it a young woman; the New York University team declined to put on dress suits. "Fordham," said the dean of St. John's College, "absolutely requires all visiting debating teams to wear formal dress, and an old custom of the university bars women debaters from our platform." The New York University team declined to hire dress suits or to fire the young woman; so the debate was off.

Could the lines of a perfect revolution be more clearly drawn? Of course, there was the old-fashioned liberal pacifist who attempted to find a moderate solution. When Fordham made known its regulations regarding costume, the students at Washington Square College flatly refused to don dress suits. What had dress suits to do with intellectual advancement? Professor Williamson, instructor in public speaking at New York University, attempted to mediate. He suggested the academic cap-and-gown as a possible substitute for tails and a hard shirt—a substitute which would, moreover, drape the male and female alike and produce an effect of dignified uniformity. If the dress suit was a symbol of elegance and dignity, the gown and mortarboard stood for intellect and culture. But before this idea could be seriously considered, even before Professor Williamson could suggest other uniform and bi-sexual costumes such as pajamas, one-piece bathing suits, or yellow slickers, Fordham announced its final condition: no female could appear on its platform as a debater, no matter how she might be disguised. Liberalism and pacifism collapsed. The New York University team refused to oust its girl member—who is counted among the best orators of either sex in the college—diplomatic relations were broken off, and now the two institutions won't speak, at least they won't do so on the platform.

Freshmen boys strutting about in the quaint garb of formal, leisure-class middle-age and refusing to debate in their own hall with boys in ordinary clothes—or girls in any clothes whatsoever: this, we maintain, is a pitiful and ludicrous sight. True courtesy, and the decent conventions of hospitality are grievously wounded. Substantial values are subordinated to artificiality and extravagance. Humor is vanquished. And young boys are turned smug and pompous.

To be sure the revolution remains unfought. Neither side yielded and compromise failed. Fordham's young aristocrats will doubtless continue to cherish their traditions, press their dress trousers under the mattress, and condescend to the other sex. New York University will, we hope, stick to its belligerent ideals—and its own clothes.

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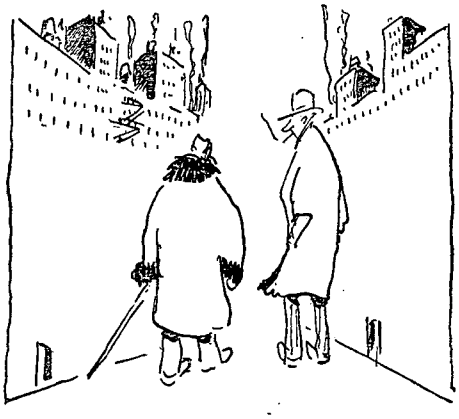
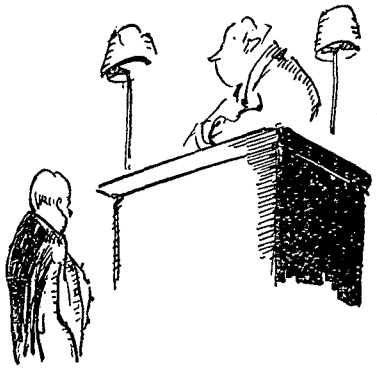
The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.

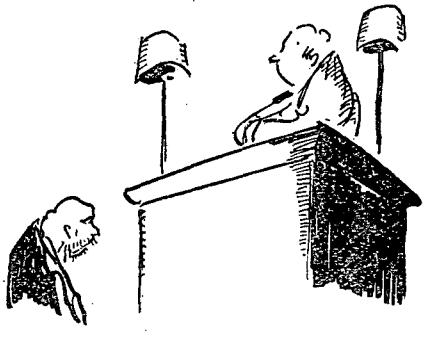
"AH, MY DEAR FELLOW, you mistake us. You newspapermen are always writing that we of the judiciary are out of touch with the realities of life.



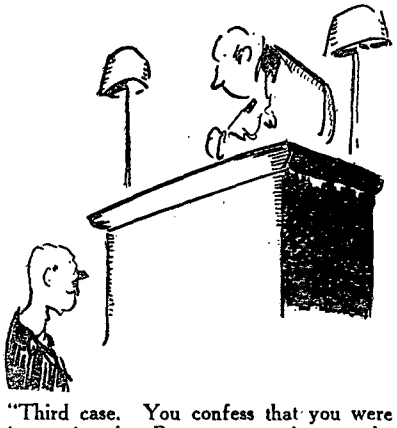
"Now come with me and watch me in court. You will then see that we judges still have a heart. . . .



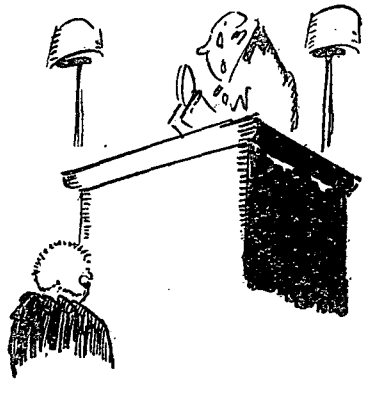
"First case. You wrecked that bank because you had lost money in speculation? Too bad. I suppose Wall Street was really to blame. . . . One month in jail.



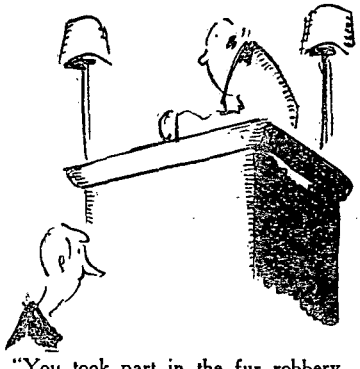
"Second case. Ah, my friend, we have met before. The charge is burglary in the first degree. But this time you killed only one policeman. I'm sorry but I must give you six months.



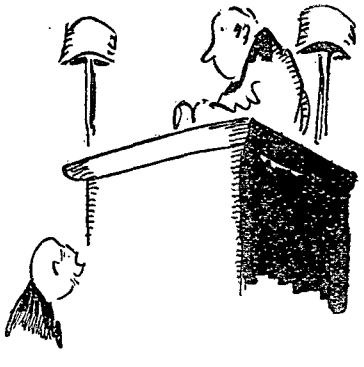
"Third case. You confess that you were incapacitated. But you say it was the fault of the gin. Yes, yes, those bootleggers nowadays are terrible. But I must punish you. A week on the island.



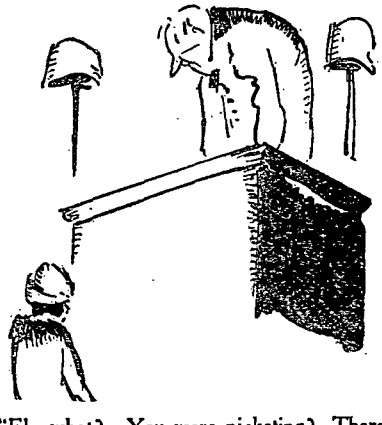
"Next case, please. That is very sad indeed! You robbed the store and shot the jeweler to get bread for the wife and the kiddies. And I am sure they were very, very hungry. Case dismissed. Next.



"You took part in the fur robbery. But you have a wife and seventeen children to support and you spent your childhood in a school for backward children? How terrible. And this is only your sixth offense. But I must warn you. . . .



"Poor man. You say you only set fire to those tenements to see the pretty little fire-engines. Well, I love them myself. But the law is the law. In view of the small loss of life I shall give you three days hard labor. Next.



"Eh, what? You were picketing? There was a strike and you undertook to dissuade honest hard-working Americans from going to their daily task? It is incredible, such wickedness in one so young. Ninety days in jail!"

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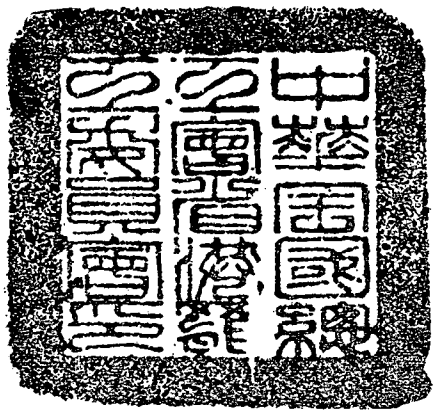
Canton—Hope of China

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Canton, February 11, 1926



Seal of the Canton-Hongkong Strike Committee of the All-China Labor Federation. (Original in red.)

"IN Peking you will see the past of China; in Shanghai, the present; in Canton, the future," Harry Ward told me before I came to the East. It is true. Canton is, in a real sense, the pulsing heart of China which drives the fresh red blood back into the primitive interior and out into the foreign-ruled treaty ports.

At Swatow, in the north of Canton province, I saw a powerful British cruiser floating silent with her guns trained on the flat city. She had ammunition enough behind those guns to blow the little one-storied houses to bits and heap their ancient tiles high in the narrow streets—but she could not make the poverty-stricken people buy British goods, unload British cargoes, or cook or sew or make beds for British subjects. All the science and might and money of the British Empire was helpless before the united national will of those Chinese.

Canton has been pecking at the British Empire for nearly seven months. Gradually the British Empire has become aware that what seemed a mosquito has poison in its bite. Hongkong, the greatest port in the East, is a parasite upon Canton, and when Canton turned against Hongkong, Hongkong paled. In 1924 Hongkong's harbor averaged 210 vessels a day. When Canton began to strike against Hongkong, and the Hongkong Chinese joined, Hongkong's shipping dropped to 34 vessels a day. Real-estate values shrank; they have been cut in half. Hundreds of little firms failed. The share values of the great British banks, the strongest financial institutions in the East, like the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation and the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, dropped more than a hundred points. In six months British shipping at Canton fell from nearly three million tons in 1924 to a third of a million in 1925. To save Hongkong the British Government at London voted a loan of three million pounds sterling. That may not be enough; the strike is still on. Canton is giving the British Empire a hint of what is coming if it attempts to cling to what it has stolen from China.

In the dormitory in Canton where a hundred striking tailors from Hongkong live is a large poster labeled "Crimes of the British in China," which reads:

1. Opium smuggling; spreading the opium evil.
2. Seizure of Hongkong; encroachment on Tibet.
3. Establishment, by force, of foreign concessions and settlements; creation of mixed court.
4. The British were the first to force China to recognize foreign consular jurisdiction.
5. They forced indemnities upon China and seized the customs control.
6. They fastened upon China a fixed customs tariff detrimental to Chinese industry.
7. They oppress the Hongkong and Shameen workers.
8. They shot down the patriotic students and citizens of Shanghai, Canton, and Hankow.

I am not arguing the historic precision of that tabulation; I cite it as a symptom. Beside it are pasted photographs of the victims of the "Shakee massacre" on June 23, when British machine-guns killed fifty-two Chinese and wounded 117 more.

Shameen, the British settlement in Canton, is like a deserted army camp. Unwatered, its palms have withered; its grass has not been cut nor its gardens weeded since June. A few lonely individuals walk through it, their footsteps resounding as in Wall Street on Sunday. The great lobby of the Hotel Victoria, once Canton's chief hostelry, is set with chairs for scores, but is totally empty. Barbed wire six feet deep surrounds the island; sand-bag fortifications with loopholes for machine-guns guard the bridges and fill the gaps between the buildings. The Standard Oil and the Asiatic Petroleum shut down their plants last April in ill-considered protest against a government stamp-tax, and have sullenly watched California independents and Russian oil win their market from them; their offices are deserted. The British consul sits in his magnificent office all day, without Chinese servants, with no business to do and no visitors to call upon him. Once a day the British steamer comes up from Hongkong, carrying mail and food for the exiles on Shameen. It is not allowed to berth at the wharf; it anchors in mid-stream, watched by armed picket-boats of the Canton-Hongkong Strike Committee, who see to it that no contraband, human or otherwise, gets ashore. Foreigners may land where they will—the theory seems to be that without employees they are futile and harmless; Chinese may not go to or come from Hongkong without a permit from the strikers; and British goods, except for use on Shameen, are contraband.

"I don't see why this strike should not continue until next Christmas," the British consul said to me. Neither do I, unless a different type of British official supplants him—a new type capable of considering without a shudder the thought of letting Chinese live on Hongkong's peak and vote for members of Hongkong's council. The Chinese are learning—particularly in Canton—that by boycott they can hurt the proud foreigners more than the foreigners can hurt them. They still have many scores to settle.

The particular present trouble in Canton dates back to the "Shakee massacre," which the British call the "attack on Shameen"; and the Shakee affair had its roots in decades of Chinese history. "They call us revolutionary!" said one Cantonese. "In our forefathers' day the foreigners threw Chinese overboard because they burned down the foreign factories. Now that they've massacred the Chinese we don't retaliate in blood. Perhaps we ought to." Shameen itself was built during one of the opium wars, when the British occupied and ruled Canton. Chinese, to the present

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day, may not sit on the Shameen benches, walk along the Shameen bund, or tie their sampans to the Shameen landing-stages. Until a few years ago Chinese might not enter Shameen through the same gate as white foreigners. These things rankle and are remembered. Coolies do not forget when they are kicked or cuffed. A British officer in Swatow harbor gave an unsympathetic explanation of the boycott there. "The chief Red here," he said, "the guy what stands on the dock and kicks the British cargoes out—he used to be No. 1 man at the Taiku Club. Some bloody bloke must have got tight some night and given him a kick in the rear that he still remembers." The officer thought it a joke; it may have been painfully true. And if Canton is the future of China, it means something. A great many Chinese have been kicked in the rear by foreigners, inebriated and otherwise.

Englishmen—and some of the treaty-port Americans—call the Cantonese "Reds." It is a convenient way to discredit an inconvenient group. But the Cantonese are, in certain significant ways, "Red." The boycott is maintained primarily by a working-class organization rather than by intellectuals and students. Note that these strikers come from Hongkong, and that Hongkong and Shanghai are the two centers of working-class consciousness in China today—two cities governed by the British and dominated by British capital. The British complain of Russian propaganda among the Chinese workers, but their own factories and factory methods are doing more to strengthen working-class consciousness in China than all the propaganda agents Russia could export in a hundred years. Not the Russians but the British made this strike. Canton is an interesting study for would-be investors who like gunboats to accompany their dollars.

Russian influence indubitably exists in Canton. Nearly three years ago, discouraged with the Westerners, Sun Yat-sen invited Soviet Russians to help him in the southern province. Michael Borodin was the first to answer the call. Sun's real conversion to the Russians dates from that December day in 1923 when British, American, French, Italian, Japanese, and Portuguese gunboats appeared before Canton to deny his right to take the surplus customs receipts which the British commissioner-general was sending to help maintain his Peking enemies. Today there are thirty or forty Russians in the service of the Canton Government. Most of them are aides to Chang Kai-shek at the Whampoa Military Academy; one is adviser to the Canton navy; one is helping revise the chaotic system of multifarious taxation. "They've been a force for honesty and efficiency," said a responsible American in Canton. "The trouble is, they are Russians. If they were British or Americans we would not object." I did not find one American or Englishman in Canton who had ever met or tried to meet Borodin or had taken the trouble to attempt to verify any of the wild stories they told about him.

The young men who are governing Canton turn to Borodin for advice; they believe that his counsel has proved disinterested and good. "We have no fear of Russia in South China," said C. C. Wu, the mayor of Canton, who is regarded as a moderate. "Why should we? She has no trade interests here, and no surplus capital to invest. She has renounced all special privileges, and has no dangerous friends; all the imperialist nations are her enemies. It is to her interest today to have China strong, united, and independent—not a tool which the West can turn against her. That is our interest too. Communism is impossible in China today; it need not even be feared. Ten years hence, when the unequal treaties are abolished, who knows? We may fight Russia then—about Mongolia or about communism. Today, we help each other."

Sun Yat-sen trusted Russia and trusted Borodin—that is enough for most of the Cantonese, who venerate their dead leader as the Russians venerate Lenin. "Chung Shan's" picture—they call him "Middle Mountain"—has the place of honor in every hall in Canton; I should not be surprised to see lighted candles and joss-sticks burning before it. Chang Kai-shek, the general in charge of the Whampoa army, is the only one of the Canton leaders who has ever been to Moscow—and the foreigners, with that curious faith in military men which seems universal among Western exiles in the East, look to him as a possible counterbalance to the Russians. He himself boasts not of his military victories but of his long devotion to Sun Yat-sen. The Chinese will not speak ill of the Russians. Wang Ching-wei, the rosy-cheeked, enthusiastic, boyish chief of the Government, has a respect for Borodin which is the more striking because Borodin has to talk to Wang through an interpreter. T. V. Soong, the young Harvard graduate who is Minister of Finance and manager of the government bank, turns naturally to him, and Borodin calls Soong "a man in a million." Chan Kung-po, the new president of Kwangtung University, is planning to send two hundred and fifty Cantonese boys and girls (another of Canton's futuristic ideas is that women may amount to something too) to Moscow each year; he thinks a year in Russia will help them more than his own years at Columbia helped him. "Russia's problems are more like China's," he says.

Borodin himself does not think highly of the training given Chinese students in America. "They lose touch with China," he said. "Go to the Commercial Press in Shanghai—it is the work of returned students. Ask for a book on the agrarian situation in China. They haven't got it. Ask for a book on labor conditions. None exists. But they have translations of lives of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. That's what the returned students do; they translate America into Chinese.

"China needs self-study, self-criticism, and an economic background. She has depended too much on other countries. That is why this struggle against imperialism is so important. Abolition of the unequal treaties will throw the responsibility for the chaos in China on China. Today the Chinese who ought to bear the responsibility for conditions here follow the line of least resistance. When a Chinese makes a little money he takes it to the foreign concession; if there were no concessions he would have to make his own country safe.

"Every bandit who turns into a militarist chief in China can hire enough returned students to equip a government. Most of them use the training you give them wherever it will bring the highest price. We are trying in Canton to work out a new kind of honesty—to have an army full of soldiers who know and care what they are fighting for, so that, even if a general should sell out, the rank and file would not follow him. And I believe the students who come back from Russia will have a new and finer spirit." I was reminded of what Chang Kai-shek had said: "We trust the Russians because they have higher moral standards."

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On January 1 the Second National Congress of the Kuomintang opened at Canton with a great demonstration on the East Parade Ground. The vast crowd wept when Wang Ching-wei told them of Dr. Sun's long struggle for democracy and freedom in China; it cheered when he dreamed of the future. The Whampoa soldiers and the strike pickets strode by—unmistakable soldiers, marching well, if with queer straw footgear and conical straw hats. Thousands of Chinese workmen trooped behind, carrying whole forests of flags—blue and red and white and yellow flags; the red South China flag with the white Kuomintang sun in the blue corner; old-fashioned embroidered banners in many colors—thousands and thousands of workmen on holiday, and thousands and thousands of schoolboys and schoolgirls; Chinese lions with tremendous dragon heads; Chinese bands with whining fifes, strange drums, and smashing cymbals; and Western military bands. The long lines snaked back and forth across the parade-ground like a football crowd, then poured out into the broad streets that are the pride of the city. Celebrating what? The fourteenth anniversary of the overthrow of the Manchus; the spirit of Dr. Sun; the new sense of solidarity and responsibility among the workers; six months' successful defiance of the British Empire; the existence of a truly Chinese government in Canton; the spread of the Kuomintang throughout the country—the future of China!

Mussolini Betrays Himself

By JAMES MURPHY

France, March 1

IN the columns of *The Nation* I have already made some rather serious statements in regard to Signor Mussolini's attitude toward the deeds of violence that have been committed by his followers. Readers have written to ask for the direct or circumstantial proofs which warrant these statements.

An event which occurred in France on February 19 affords an occasion for answering the question. On that date the body of a young Italian writer of great promise was laid temporarily to rest in the cemetery of Père Lachaise in Paris. His name was Pietro Gobetti. On the day of the interment some organs of the French press—*Le Quotidien,* for instance—created a sensation by publishing the text of a telegram sent on one occasion by Mussolini to the Prefect of Turin in regard to this same Gobetti. I have the original in Mussolini's own handwriting on the table before me, and I am forwarding a photograph of the document for verification by *The Nation.* The telegram reads:

MINISTERO DELLI AFFARI ESTERI. INDIRIZZATO A } PREFETTO TORINO

TELEGRAMMA IN PARTENZA

(Testo) Mi si riferisce che noto gobetti sia stato recentemente parigi e che oggi sia sicilia Stop Prego informarmi e vigilare per rendere nuovamente difficile vita questo insulso oppositore governo e fascismo.

MUSSOLINI

The translation is as follows:

MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

PREFECT

TURIN

I am told that the well-known Gobetti was recently in Paris and that he is now in Sicily Stop Please inform me and see that you render life still more difficult for this insipid opposer of the Government and Fascism.

MUSSOLINI

What is the meaning of this message? In the first place it must be remembered that in each province the Prefect is the chief executive representing the Government. He has supreme control over the police force and generally over the local administrative institutions of the state. The Premier of Italy directly commands the Prefect of Turin to "render life still more difficult" for a certain Gobetti. The phrase "rendere la vita difficile" is known to be one of the cryptic euphemisms employed in Fascist orders to murder. Of that we have sufficient proof in the Finzi and Rossi documents revealed in connection with the Matteotti case. But even if we had not already known that this was the significance of the Fascist phrase, the circumstances alone in this case would prove it. Gobetti's home and offices had been already sacked and plundered by the Fascist police. He himself had been cudgeled almost to death so that he had been in bed for weeks. He was not a strong man physically and he suffered from heart trouble—of which he eventually died. In January, 1924, Mussolini sent the above telegram ordering "life to be made *still more* difficult"—"*nuovamente* difficile"—for Gobetti. They had already brought him to death's door.

Who was Gobetti, and what had he done to bring upon his head the wrath of the Dictator? Dr. Pietro Gobetti was a young writer only twenty-three years old when the above telegram was dispatched. He had never taken any active part in politics. He was a literary man and a student of political philosophy. He edited a literary and political review of liberal tendencies. He was no more of a subversive protagonist against the regime than Mr. Massingham of the London *Nation* or Dr. Courtney of the *Fortnightly Review* might have been considered in England. And his review was certainly of a much more theoretical and detached character than the New York *Nation.* He carried on a publishing business and gave to the public the writings of such constitutionalist authors as ex-Premier Nitti, Don Luigi Sturzo, Signor Amendola, Signor Einaudi, and others.

Gobetti was lucky enough to have been warned of the murderous intentions of the local authorities, and he took the necessary precautions. Not having succeeded in putting his purpose into effect by the use of the dagger and revolver, Mussolini had a decree issued last January which finally prohibited Gobetti from publishing any book in Italy, even though it might have been "The Imitation of Christ." Thus banned and outlawed, Gobetti went to Paris some weeks ago, and died in a hospital of a heart attack following the worries and the persecutions to which he had been subjected. So that Benito Mussolini succeeded at last in having the orders of his telegram carried into effect.

It would be superfluous to moralize here on the iniquity of the whole incident. Imagine Premier Baldwin ordering the Chief of Scotland Yard to have the editor of the *Times*

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murdered simply because the London *Times* is at present of a Liberal tone and Baldwin is a Conservative. Or imagine President Coolidge ordering the Governor of New York State to have the local police "render life still more difficult" (in the Fascist sense) for the editor of *The Nation.*

The telegram printed here is only one example of a long series of Mussolini manuscripts which are now in the hands of political refugees beyond the Italian frontier. Personally I have examined over two hundred of these incriminating missives. They show Mussolini to be what he practically admitted himself to be in the Parliament on January 3, 1925, the ringleader of a criminal gang. He is shown in these writings as his own *agent provocateur.* Through anonymous articles written by his own hand and published in the Fascist press, he prepares the terrain for subsequent Fascist attacks. He orders Fascist meetings to take place in one city after another, and he himself writes the resolutions which are to be passed. These resolutions call for the suppression of political opponents, and declare to the Government that the local Fascists will take the law into their own hands if the Government does not act. I have in my hands the text of a resolution which was adopted at a Fascist meeting in Milan in 1924. It breathes out fire and destruction on the enemies of Fascism, declares that the local Fascists can no longer bear the burden of legal restraint, and calls upon the Government to crush its political opponents by force of reprisals. This document comes from the hand of the same Mussolini who, during that January, 1924, after the first attack on Amendola, was proclaiming in the Italian Parliament that all Fascist deeds of violence were execrated by him.

Another incriminating manuscript shows Mussolini's connection with the attack made on Cesare Forni on March 12, 1924, in Milan. A day or so previous Giunta, Secretary of the Fascist Party, had written a circular in which he ordered that "life be made impossible" (Mussolini's favorite phrase) for Cesare Forni. The day following the attack on Forni an editorial was published, both in the *Impero* and the *Popolo d'Italia.* It was entitled Chi Tradisce Perisce (The Traitor Must Die). The "traitor" in this case means whoever abandons Fascism. The article was a defense of the attack on Forni, and regretted the fact that the attackers had not gone further. It was written by Mussolini himself. The long manuscript of the article is now in France, and has been examined by the present writer.

Another series of outrages, in which Mussolini is shown by his own handwriting to have been the principal agent, were the lootings and burnings, bludgeonings and murders which took place in Milan and the neighborhood immediately after the elections of April, 1924. Mussolini came to Milan on election day to vote the Fascist ticket. But in Milan the Fascists obtained only a minority of the votes. Enraged to the point of insanity, the Dictator ordered out the torch and the petrol can, the bomb and the dagger, for use against his political opponents. The principal objects of these attacks were not the Socialists but the Catholic Peoples Party. Cooperatives were destroyed, stocks were looted, workmen's clubs were burned to the ground, political adherents of the Peoples Party were bludgeoned wholesale, and one or two deaths occurred. The Archbishop of Milan and the Catholic Association implored the Prefect to order the terror to cease, but the Prefect declared that he was powerless against superior orders. Mussolini was in Milan. On or about April 9 Mussolini left the city, but he had failed to countermand the orders. A popular uprising was imminent, so the Prefect followed and caught up with Mussolini at Parma. Then Mussolini agreed to call off the dogs of war. During the horrors a leading article appeared in the *Popolo d'Italia* at Milan justifying what was taking place. The article was written by Mussolini himself. We have the original document in his own handwriting. It is interesting to note that at the same time he sent two telegrams officially to the local clergy denouncing what had happened. But more was to come. The Pope sent half-a-million francs to relieve the distress caused by the Fascists in the Milan neighborhood. Immediately a communiqué was anonymously sent to all the newspapers by the Volta Agency in Rome. The communiqué was a veiled protest against the action of the Vatican, and contained personally insulting references to the Pope. The communiqué was also written by Mussolini.

Another occasion of a similar kind, in which Mussolini is clearly shown to have been an active party to deeds of violence and destruction against the Catholic Party, was the attack in Pisa in the winter of 1924-25. Two or three murders took place, the offices of the Catholic newspapers were burned, the Catholic clubs and cooperatives were looted and destroyed, while the police looked on as uninterested spectators. On that occasion Cardinal Maffi, the famous Archbishop of Pisa, telegraphed to Rome the following comment on what was taking place: "As a bishop I weep; as an Italian I am disgraced." Following this Mussolini sent the following telegram to the Prefects of Florence and Pisa. Naturally it was a secret message, but we have the manuscript of it in the Dictator's own hand. It runs as follows:

> To the Prefects of Florence and Pisa:
>
> In view of the unfavorable repercussion of the Vatican arising from the recent anti-Catholic incidents, it will be well for the local directors of the Facists Provincial Federation to visit the headquarters of the Archbishop and present official expressions of regret and renewed declarations of high respect which Fascism has for the Catholic religion.
>
> MUSSOLINI

Note the reason why the apology is to be made: not because the Premier disapproved of what had happened, but "in view of the unfavorable repercussion at the Vatican."

There are more than two hundred and fifty of such documentary testimonials now in safe hands outside the Italian frontier. Mussolini is not in the habit of dictating to a stenographer. He always has pen in hand, and he writes the original drafts of all sorts of communications which he wishes to make. He transfers these drafts to his secretaries to have them typewritten. The secretaries in many cases have preserved them for purposes of self-defense, knowing Mussolini's practice of making his collaborators the scapegoats of his own crimes, as happened in the case of Rossi. Some of Mussolini's secretaries are now in exile, as are also some of the prefects to whom criminal instructions were sent from headquarters. It is natural that they should have brought with them mementos of their period in the service of the Dictator. Mussolini entertains the Italian public by posing as Machiavelli II; but who could imagine the great Florentine allowing incriminating manuscripts by the hundreds to get into the hands of secretaries whom he employed in his confidential correspondence?

This is the second of a series of articles by James Murphy, showing the inner workings of the Fascist dictatorship.

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The Farmer Has Lost His Club

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., March 20

IN American politics any sizable disgruntled element that swings a club can get action from Congress. If it has no club to swing it gets no action. Those two things are politically axiomatic.

The reason why at this session nothing will be done for the distressed farmers of the West, why they have, in fact, been kicked in the face and told to run along and be good, is because they have lost their club. And without their club the Administration isn't a bit frightened. The cold truth is the Western farmers are a mere noise in this Congress. They are no longer a power. In former sessions they got action because they swung a club. They could and did organize in House and Senate what was known as the Farm Bloc, combining West with South in sufficient numbers and with enough zeal not only to hold the balance of power but actually to dominate both bodies. In the Sixty-seventh Congress control was completely in the hands of Farm Bloc leaders and nothing went through that was not indorsed by them. They were the cocks of the legislative walk. The President of the United States had to ask them for help in getting through measures not remotely connected with agriculture.

And then in the next session their power vanished. The Farm Bloc melted in the hands of its leaders. The cement that held it together softened and it ceased to be a factor. It was a surprising thing. Flushed with their success at the previous session managers of the Farm Bloc appeared ready to take charge—and found that their situation had simply oozed away. There were various contributing causes, none wholly satisfactory. Partly it was because the farmer got so much legislation in so short a time that all of it could not be digested and his appetite became cloyed. Partly it was due to changes in legislative leaders, partly to increased wisdom in the ways of evasion on the part of members of Congress, and partly to improved farm conditions with which legislation had nothing to do. Partly, too, the tie was loosened by the general prosperity and the great conservative and reactionary tide that swept the country and is still rolling.

At the beginning of this session a distressing condition in the corn belt caused an earnest effort to revive the power of the farm alliance. Meetings were called, conferences held, representatives from the farming States rushed West for instructions, radical demands were made, a program evolved to which the Administration, scared at first by the furore, waved the white flag and seemed about to yield. Representatives came back to Washington determined to get what they wanted or pull down the pillars. They had fire in their eyes and hot resolution in their hearts. There isn't any doubt that the little group of Coolidge advisers trembled as they listened. Nor is there any doubt that the President and his Secretary of Agriculture were prepared to trim and straddle and surrender. It seemed at first that these fellows really swung a club, but that was before administration leaders had fully sized the situation up. When they did they stiffened. Now with the session half over the farmers face the fact that their proposals will not go through. Further, they will not even be considered. The Administration is frankly opposed to them. Hoover wins again. Whereupon there arises a howl of extreme pain. They threaten to form a new political alliance with the South that will wrest control from the Republican Party. They shout that they will ruin Mr. Coolidge and his Administration.

But the threats fail to frighten anybody. Three years ago they would have produced more or less of a political panic—but not now. At the opening of the session and before the Mellon tax bill and the World Court proposal got by they might have produced results—but not now. Now they merely produce a laugh. Nothing more. The club is no longer there and the astute party managers here know it if the Western farm leaders do not.

As for an amalgamation of radical West with radical South in a hard and fast political combination, that is a joke. The reason is that radicalism has departed from the South. Judged by its representatives in the Senate the South is as conservative a section as the country has. Southern Senators no longer respond to the call of the wild. Industrial prosperity has spread in the South. Republican capitalists from the North have built plants all over the place. Mr. Mellon's Aluminum Corporation has established small cities in three Southern States. These days representatives in Congress from the South have other things to interest them besides the wrongs of the farmers. A yearning after the flesh pots of the Federal Treasury is almost universal among them. In North Carolina there is a great demand for a branch of the Federal Reserve bank at Charlotte. The whole State has its heart centered on that and its heart's desire, I am told, will be realized. In two other States of the South there is an insistent and wide-spread sentiment for Federal appropriations that will permit the establishment within their borders of great national parks. In Florida and other Gulf States the tremendous real-estate boom, the inrush of new money and new people have created a new political feeling not nearly as partisanly Democratic and nothing like as progressive as before. All over the South capital and industry compel a share of the political consideration formerly devoted exclusively to agricultural interests. It is not that Southern Senators are false to the farmer but that developments in their States no longer leave him the sole dominant factor. The big idea of dropping everything else and rushing into an agricultural combination along radical lines with the Western wheat and corn-growing States no longer appeals with the old force. There are other things to consider—the question, for instance, of these national parks and reserve banks. Every Southern Senator is still a friend of the farmer. He will tell the world he is, but in these days the conservatism of the East appeals more to the South than the progressiveness of the West. No better evidence of this could possibly be given than the roll calls this session—for example, on taxes, on Muscle Shoals, on almost everything.

Southern Senators are now just as conservative as New England Republicans. There is little difference between them—between, for instance, Simmons of North Carolina and Butler of Massachusetts. The radicals or liberals or progressives—whatever you choose to call them—are all in the West, and they have lost their club.

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Journalistic Jazz

By SILAS BENT

ONLY a small fraction of the news can be photographed. Nearly all news of real consequence is far beyond reach of the lens. It is impossible to photograph reparations, or tax reduction, or extra-territorial rights in China. This is why the illustrated tabloid can never be a newspaper, whatever it may call itself. It is based upon the falsity that news generally can be pictured, and pretends to report the day's happenings through the camera.

It is true that, although reparations cannot be photographed, it is possible to print a picture of the agent general of reparations. If tax reduction won't pose, President Coolidge may be snapped while he is discussing the glorious possibility of lower levies in the upper brackets. If extraterritoriality be too tenuous, our marines may be caught barracking in a university building from which Chinese students have been ejected. But these pictures are not news. They are personalities. They are "features." They bear at best somewhat the same relation to news as a Sunday supplement article to a story hot from the anvil of events.

Now all newspapers, blanket or tabloid, conservative or sensational, distort to some extent the account of the world's doings. They do it by playing up a feature. Their emphasis upon the most startling or most important or most bizarre fact throws a high light upon every happening they chronicle; and so, whether the account be sketchy or as full as time will permit, the thing presented to the reader is in effect inaccurate. By its very nature news is easy to caricature; at its best it is impressionistic. Completeness is not one of its attributes. Presented full-length, with a developed background and a detailed foreground, it ceases to be news; it becomes a treatise. It must be featured to some extent, or it is no longer itself.

No newspaper man blushes on account of this, or needs to. It is his business to "pack a wallop." It is the "punch" he sells. This is as inescapably a part of the news technic as brushwork is a part of Rembrandt's technic. This it is that makes headlines more interesting than the stories beneath them; for headlines are statements of the features in stories.

But even conceding that one-twentieth of the daily grist of news can be photographed, which is a liberal estimate, what is a paper to do which lays its chief emphasis on the daily grist of picture features? It must print illustrations on its first page, which is its show window. It cannot handle the real news in that way, day after day. Therefore it twists current happenings to its own medium. Perspective is completely lost. A divorce action cannot be photographed, for instance, but the fair corespondent can; and so we find a sample banner line across page one, in huge type of the sort real newspapers reserve for Presidential elections: Wife Cites Luxury Love Nest. The picture of the female charged with occupying the love nest is there; the story is on the third page, and deals with persons you never heard of. Girl bandits and beauty-contest winners and pugilists and mothers of triplets have achieved thus a new distinction, an enviable eminence. Scandal, murder mysteries, violence, and shapely ladies of the chorus lend themselves readily to this sort of featuring; and by a happy coincidence they are the very things which interest the kind of mind which cares most for pictures. For the photograph is easier to read than nonpareil. The tabloids appeal to those who find pictures within their grasp. Picture-features are a throw-back to the intelligence which communicated by means of ideographs, before the alphabet was invented. They are comprehensible to the most numerous audience, the lowest mental common denominator. They enter the consciousness over the lowest threshold.

To attract and please such readers, nearly anything is permissible. The restraints effective elsewhere go by the board. For in the real newspaper, asking for the attention of a more sophisticated audience, practice and common sense dictate certain limits. Liveliness is expected, but it can be overdone. Too much of it is certain to provoke remonstrance, and perhaps too much of it is one reason why we hear so often that you can never believe anything you see in the newspapers. The tendency of intelligent papers is clearly away from it. If they do no more, they clothe their sensational headlines in staid and respectable type, like a merry widow in her weeds. Just as the over-lively baseball, with too much rubber beneath its leather skin, has disgusted the ardent baseball fan, so too many sensational news home-runs bring boos from the Old Subscriber.

The status of the illustrated tabloids might be established inversely merely by consulting their advertising pages. Are you bald or gray? Here you will find a marvelous specific. Are you looking for ten-dollars-down suburban lots? Here's the "dope" about them. Poison ivy remedies and patented relief from many a malady seek their places in these columns. Rouge, permanent waves, depilatories, roach poisons, cornpads, radio accessories, face creams have their mart in the picture papers.

As for the tabloid format, it is an inspiration, nothing less. We may suppose that, once the publisher hit upon pictures as easier to look at than type, he sought for a vehicle easier to handle than the monstrous blanket newspaper which has somehow fastened itself upon an uncomplaining public. Years before the illustrated dailies appeared it was clear that the so-called tabloid form, half the blanket size, must come in the newspaper world. Colonel George Harvey said so some twenty years ago; which indicates that, whatever his shortcomings as an ambassador at the Court of St. James's, he was gifted with some foresight as a newspaper man. How the ungainly sheet now inflicted upon us grew from five to six to seven and then to eight columns in width has never been satisfactorily explained. It is a proper subject for research in some of our schools of journalism. It is utterly unregardful of the reader's comfort. It is inconvenient to handle even in the arm-chair at home, and in the subway or on the elevated railway, or in a crowded trolley car, where most newspapers are read, it is next to impossible.

Many newspaper owners saw this long ago. They knew, some of them must have known, that the so-called

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tabloid format was in great favor abroad, and that in New York at least, with its huge foreign population, a little initiative would bring it into favor here. But even when they were publishing dying sheets, they lacked the courage for the venture. It meant scrapping part of the existing plant; it meant, moreover, reeducating hidebound advertisers to a new scale of space and rates. A string of papers was established outside New York which, being housed in new plants, was put into the more convenient size even before the picture tabloids made their appearance; and these papers are not to be lumped with the newcomers. But with most of the press, now that the small format has been appropriated conspicuously by this prankish and irresponsible illegitimate child of journalism, the change is likely to be longer delayed. It will not come, perhaps, until the indignant reader finally loses patience, and refuses to buy the paper which prints acres of advertisements with reams of piffle merely to carry them, thereby despoiling our forests and imposing upon the good nature of the very audience which makes the golden advertisement possible.

The advertiser, although I do not believe he is able to cause the suppression of news disagreeable to him personally, is able as a class to get a great deal printed in which he has no direct interest and which has no proper place in a newspaper. He is responsible for the tedious unedited police stories and endless "A. P." yarns which draw their weary length through our daily and Sunday papers. He is responsible because he demands that the amount of "reading matter" shall be in a certain proportion to the volume of advertising. Let us concede one virtue to the tabloid.

The picture paper is easy to handle in a jammed subway. It is easy to read and in so far as possible predigested. It is strong on patriotism, piety, and prurience. Its editorials flaunt the star-spangled banner in a fashion to shame Mr. Cohan; they breathe religion. Its "news" columns offer the pleasant shock of violence, disaster, and immorality. Its fiction offers, to those who will linger twenty minutes, an escape from realities. The emotions to which the tabloid appeals are primary, the instincts it satisfies are primitive.

It was the pictures in these new sheets, however, which went straight to the heart of the illiterate. They captured a new host of readers, and have not cut in seriously on the circulations of the more responsible "diurnal press," as Casper Yost calls it. An examination of the circulation figures in Ayer's Newspaper Directory as of the year 1920 (which gives 1919 figures, when the tabloids were just taking firm root) and of 1925, shows these results in New York City:

	1920		1925	
	Daily	*Sunday*	*Daily*	*Sunday*
American	301,420	930,233	299,931	1,090,440
Times	267,587	546,728	347,149	576,321
*Tribune**	118,386	108,999	270,159	316,585
World	330,320	561,592	314,687	387,912

The New York *World*, which is the property of the Pulitzer estate, and William Randolph Hearst's daily New York *American* show a falling off in circulation since the advent of the tabloids; and it is a little surprising to find that the *World* has suffered more seriously, from this or some other cause, than the *American*. The *Tribune's* merger with the *Herald* throws its figures somewhat out of kilter. The *Times*, usually regarded as the most conservative of the daily newspapers not devoted specifically to business interests, shows something more than a normal growth.

Certainly the losses sustained by the *World* and the *American* cannot account for the combined distribution of the tabloids, now more than a million and a quarter strong. This new circulation was waiting, ready to be taken unto himself by any publisher who wanted that kind, and was crafty enough, or mentally close enough kin to it, to give it what it wanted. What it wanted was pictures and pabulum, not news. It was a coincidence that news features offered an endless wall on which to hang the pictures. There they hang, a "chilling, thrilling, killing" gallery.

* The *Tribune* has been merged with the *Herald*, and taken over its circulation during this period.

In the Driftway

THERE is no room for a poor Drifter in the lower end of Manhattan by day. The pigmy people and the giant buildings jostle and bump him on his way, and all but crowd him off that narrow strip of land into New York Bay. In the late dusk, however, he ventures bravely forth, for then the subways have swallowed the people and carried them roaring away, and the buildings sit back on their haunches and meditate with vacant eyes. The Drifter wandered recently through such a gray-blue evening, rejoicing in the unreality of the great stone husks which are so formidable by daylight. Turning east, he found himself in the glitter of Second Avenue. The sudden gaiety dazzled him as a sudden light dazzles eyes that have been in the dark, and he let himself be swept by a flurry of jabbering humanity into a theater.

* * * * *

SO the Drifter saw his first Yiddish play, but not his last; he was fascinated by his inability to determine whether the audience or the actors were on the stage. For when there was weeping to be done, and there frequently was, the weeping was even more audible from behind than from before. The audience cooperated even in the speaking of lines. Once in a pathetic scene between the comedian and his erstwhile beloved, the lady asked sadly, "Are you happy?" "Happy," replied the man of comedy. "How can I be when I still——" But he got no further, before a tearful voice from the audience, intelligible to the Drifter in spite of his meager equipment of poor German, finished the line for him, "When I still love you?" And only the Drifter, it seems, was surprised, for it was only the Drifter's head which swung round to see the owner of the voice, a lady whose generous proportions overflowed her seat, and whose generous tears saturated her large handkerchief. And while the Drifter watched, entranced, an audible sigh rose from the billowy depths and was echoed in innumerable surrounding bosoms. The capacious lady was completely unconscious of the others, as they of her. She was lost in the play; its illusion was her only reality.

* * * * *

A CERTAIN critic once accused the Broadway audience of doing more acting than the actors. This audience, the Drifter found, goes further, demanding—and getting—such acting as pleases its exacting taste. For the Yiddish actors measure their success, not by applause nor by the dicta of the critics, but by that very sighing and weeping, for which they cock their ears even at their greatest histri-

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onic heights. The Drifter overheard a tragedienne famed for her tears, both qualitatively and quantitatively, acknowledge congratulations on the success of a scene. Her voice oozed satisfaction as she said, "Yes, did you hear them sob?" But they will not sob for nothing. They have come to the theater to see life, and the acting must be such as will warm the cockles of their hearts with recognition. So it comes about that the playwright is relegated to the role of the mere mechanician who so manipulates wires and contacts as to form a plot, while the acting is of such ungarnished realism as the Drifter nowhere else has seen.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Anti-Saloon League

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read the article in *The Nation* of February 24 by W. G. Clugston under the heading The Anti-Saloon League's Lost Virtue. It is not quite clear whether in publishing this article it is your purpose to give support to the Britten resolution of investigation or whether it is meant to be a general attack on the Anti-Saloon League movement. Do you really think that the wording of the heading given this article has any sort of justification when the article in question deals almost exclusively with the Kansas situation? Has the entire editorial fraternity "lost virtue" because, forsooth, an editor here and there goes wrong and has to go to prison?

Now, as to the article itself which you have seen fit to dignify by publication in your columns. Its first sentence is "The Anti-Saloon League has been put in the ditch with another blowout." This is a sweeping declaration that is little short of libelous, but whether libelous or not it does not lend value to any publication to judge an entire movement and to impugn the honor of multitudes of worthy workers and supporters because it is charged that a unit of the organization somewhere has gone astray.

In the second sentence of Mr. Clugston's article there is an imputation against the present Anti-Saloon League organization in the State of New York that borders close to the line of libel. By failing to discriminate between former and present administrations of the New York State League both *The Nation* and Mr. Clugston have offended a large constituency.

I make no defense of the Kansas situation which has been cited, except that certain of the accusations appearing in the article in question have no foundation in fact. To the extent that the Kansas League has gone wrong, its constituency can and will clean house to the last corner. I condemn in terms more direct than either *The Nation* or Mr. Clugston can possibly use whatever of wrong may have existed there or elsewhere. But neither *The Nation* nor its contributors are serving the interests of the general public in wanting unbiased information, when they fail to make the clear distinctions on this or any other question which I have indicated above.

New York, March 5 S. E. NICHOLSON,
Secretary Anti-Saloon League of America

Who Can Help?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am preparing a book on the work of William Dunlap as a painter. If any of the readers of *The Nation* can inform me as to the location of oil portraits or miniatures (either publicly or privately owned) made by this early American artist, I shall be most grateful to them.

House R, Douglass Campus,
New Brunswick, N. J., February 22 O. S. COAD

Atlanta's Negro Barbers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent editorial on The Rising Tide of Prejudice interested me partly for its grave subject and partly because I was until recently a citizen of Atlanta. Your account of the Common Council's attempt to put Atlanta Negro barbers out of business was correct so far as it went and sufficiently disturbing inasmuch as so far the unpleasant facts could not be denied; but it gave only the first chapter in the story.

Following the hostile vote of the common council came Chapter 2—protests from the city Chamber of Commerce, the Council of Churches, and newspapers. Chapter 3 was reconsideration by the common council. Chapter 4 was a revised ordinance, not forbidding white men to visit Negro barber shops but forbidding white women to do so and white children under fourteen years of age. So far as women are concerned, the amended ordinance is only a gesture, since they do not now go to Negro barber shops. Chapter 5 was the Chamber of Commerce's decision to support a test of the ordinance by injunction. Chapter 6, the latest chapter published, is an offer by three of the best law firms in the city to attack the constitutionality of the ordinance, free of cost, at the trial.

New Haven, Connecticut, March 10 FRANK R. SHIPMAN

Working Hours for Women

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have seen little discussion in *The Nation* concerning the forty-eight-hour law for women in industry. I see, however, from the newspapers that the Woman's Party is again up to its mischief.

I have worked for twelve years in factories and know from hard struggling experience that every hour wrested from the boss, no matter by what means, is a godsend to a working woman. It is a deplorable fact but, nevertheless, true that women do not as readily organize into unions as men do. We used to work from 9 a. m. until 10 p. m., or any old hours on Saturday, and were so fatigued on Sunday that our holiday was spoiled for us. Then an inspector found his way to our place (it was a retail millinery establishment) and informed the boss that ten hours was the maximum a woman may work a day. The boss resented this intrusion into his affairs, but we were dismissed at 9 p. m. on that Saturday. We were so happy we felt like kissing every legislator. No one but a woman who never herself worked in industry would be opposed to shortening a woman's hours of toil.

New York, February 25 LENA RICHMAN

That South American Flight

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The real motive that lies behind the Spanish aviators' flight to South America is the desire on the part of the Spanish Government to divert the people's attention from the disgraceful internal situation of the country, and also to pave the way for Alfonso's carefully planned and long-deferred trip to South America with Primo de Rivera. The so-called ties between Spain and her liberated colonies of America, which you mention in your editorial note commenting on the subject [February 10, page 127], are as loose today as they were one hundred years ago. A mere transatlantic flight accomplished by those who not so long ago bombarded defenseless Riffian towns and villages from the air (Franco's brother is the commander of the notorious Spanish Foreign Legion) cannot establish any permanent and binding ties between archaic and monarchical Spain and her young republican daughters beyond the sea.

New York, February 4 JOAN DEL PLÀ

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Books and Plays

Encounter

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Let life flow on and over me
Wave after wave,
Its cold, black waters cover me;
I can be brave.

I see the water rise to make
A rushing hill,
And know the course that they will take;
I can be still.

I am afraid, afraid to drown,
But more afraid of fear;
I need not give as I go down
A cry to hear.

There is no reason in the sea's
Unreasonable riot;
But I can meet it as I please,
I can be quiet.

First Glance

"LATER DAYS," by W. H. Davies (Doran: $2), has nothing like the narrative possibilities of "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," to which it is a sort of sequel. Whereas the earlier book could take Mr. Davies through poverty and vagabondage to sudden success as a poet, this one, opening on the spectacle of his comparative comfort, can only show him continuing to live and enjoy himself. But in its way it is quite as interesting as its precedessor, for which Bernard Shaw, the creator of Mr. Davies's earliest fame as a poet, wrote a somewhat perplexed introduction. Mr. Shaw was disarmed, I remember, by the coolness and simplicity with which the tramp had told his tale. The same qualities are here, though now they are more abundant and more accented; and they are everywhere in the poetry of the author. If one could explain their presence one could explain how a man who never seems to be saying very much is continually saying something one cannot forget.

The trouble is that simplicity, especially when, as in the case of Mr. Davies, it is connected with a gift for poetry and a sense of humor, is a complicated quality. It is the result of a number of processes run rapidly together, and it is most certainly not an indication of ignorance. With Mr. Davies, who gets his naivete from his irony and a great deal of his irony from his naivete, it leads to amusing ends. The principal subject matter of the present volume is the series of conversations which Mr. Davies has had with British authors and artists—de la Mare, Shaw, Hudson, Conrad, Masefield, Hodgson, Bennett, Beerbohm, Sickert, Epstein, Rothenstein, Bone, and John—encountered since his rise to prominence. "It will be seen," he says with some concern toward the close, "that I have not disliked anyone who is to be found in this book, and everything I say is without malice." The caution comes too late. I am willing to believe Mr. Davies innocent of malice, but I cannot agree that his writing is so. It is in the nature of his art that he should see clearly and speak sharply, and he could no more have ended the account of his visit to the courtly Conrad without admitting that he tried later to read Conrad's books, and failed, than he could finish a poem about a bird without making it evident that this was a particular bird he saw, and that no one else had ever seen it in just this way.

So with another visit. "De la Mare asked me how I wrote my poems. This being a plain and simple question, I began in this way—'First, an idea comes to me.' But I had no sooner said this than de la Mare asked quickly—'What do you mean by "An idea comes to you"?' The reader will understand my confusion in trying to explain a thing that was so obvious." At least three things are implied here that are not expressed—impatience with Mr. de la Mare for asking so many questions (this Mr. Davies had expressed earlier); a sudden awareness that the poetic process was not so simple as Mr. Davies had been used to assuming (though still it was hardly worth discussion); and a suspicion that Mr. de la Mare did not get his own ideas quickly or easily (and doubted whether anyone else did). All this is implied for me at any rate. That is why I call the simplicity of Mr. Davies an intricate thing. That is why I call his little book an important one—and why I did not think it was when I first read it.

MARK VAN DOREN

Popular Biology

The New Age of Faith. By John Langdon-Davies. The Viking Press. $2.50.

THE popularization of science seems to be a parlous and thankless task, one more than likely to bring its performers down to sorrow and contumely. This is due in part to the difficulties inherent in making technical and always uncompleted studies comprehensible to morondom, but more especially to the unavoidable clashing of whatever conclusions may be arrived at with the nonsensical but powerful prejudices of the beneficiaries. Thus Madison Grant, Lothrop Stoddard, and A. E. Wiggam are accused of pandering to the upper and conservative classes, while Bernard Shaw, Henry Fairfield Osborn, and John Langdon-Davies are visibly motivated by their preoccupations respectively with socialism, Christianity, and labor. The work of the mediator between science and the people is conditioned by the fact that, far from being impartial, he is usually a shining intensification of the group-mind of his particular audience.

Mr. Langdon-Davies has had Oxford training in anthropology and psychology, he has been a labor candidate, and he is a popular lecturer on many subjects. In "The New Age of Faith" his mission is to show that scientific optimism is out of tune with post-war pessimism in England; that the Nordic myth is a myth and its prophets lying panderers to race prejudice; that eugenics is nonsense and its prophets lying panderers to class prejudice; that fundamentalism and anti-science do injury to true religion, whatever that is; and that the real, the true, the plain facts of modern science, applicable to these high matters, may be set forth in seventy-five pages. This is an exalted mission and an ambitious scheme. How is it carried out?

First of all, Mr. Langdon-Davies is an excellent writer, full of wit and felicitous phrases; his book is eminently entertaining. Even Mr. Wiggam, slowly recovering from the contusions,

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abrasions, and fractures administered by our author, cannot fail to be cheered by the imaginary conversation between himself as eugenic inquisitor and the sainted Elizabeth Tuttle, with the Devil commenting aside. Lothrop Stoddard, even more severely slugged, will probably be less easily compensated, while Bryan, let us hope, will address himself earnestly to his beaker of milk and honey, oblivious of a mundane work in which there is no comfort for him at all.

It is my opinion that in the first section of the book, devoted to viewing with alarm, the author exaggerates the necessity for scientific pessimism, and gives, unintentionally, the false impression that science has nothing more to offer toward human improvement than a dubious eugenics. This leaves out of account, for one thing, the distinct possibility that scientific ethics may do more and cannot do less for man's happiness than religious morality has done. The author's point here is that we must see to it that humanity is influenced by real and not by falsified science. And so to an attack, sparkling and often convincing, on the "race fiends" exemplified by Lothrop Stoddard and the "heredity fiends" represented by A. E. Wiggam.

It so happens that I have had occasion to review both of these gentlemen, and my conclusion was that Mr. Wiggam is, on the whole, reliable, while Mr. Stoddard is not. Practically all biologists and anthropologists are agreed as to the latter, so let us leave him and look a little into the fiendishness of Mr. Wiggam.

It must be understood in the first place that faith in eugenics is a personal matter, like faith in voodooism. Mr. Wiggam has more faith than I have and he expresses it more exuberantly than the bare facts necessarily demand. I have more faith in scientific ethics than has Dr. Straton, and I express it as persuasively as I can. Such preachment, I take it, is neither scientific nor unscientific, and the proper question for critics is this: What sort of facts are presented to support the propaganda? In his attack on Mr. Wiggam's scientific accuracy, I think Langdon-Davies fails on the whole. For he can do no more than concentrate on a few weaknesses, like the slighted immoralities of Elizabeth Tuttle (already exploited by Clarence Darrow) and the sentimentality of the "New Decalogue" (long since denounced by myself and others), and hold up to ill-supported scorn such by no means unfounded aphorisms as "The slums are made by slum people, not slum people by the slums." And the while he neglects to mention that most of Mr. Wiggam's direct statements of fact are based on the findings of modern genetics. In brief, it hurts Mr. Langdon-Davies's prejudices to face the biological fact of individual variation in innate capacity and its obvious corollary in the matter of social gradation. Of the many points that might be taken up in detail, space permits no more than bare mention of a few. We already forbid mating among the worst human types. How far up can this be carried? Mr. Wiggam is sound on the race question, asserting as he does the lack of exact measurement. The fixity of the chromosomes (barring mutation) *is* an argument for eugenics, since increasing environmental complexity will eventually outrun an average capacity which varies about a fixed norm. The breeding of better types, whatever the number and correlation of hereditary factors and characteristics involved, is bound to produce on the average better offspring, which is all that Mr. Wiggam or anyone else maintains.

Mr. Langdon-Davies's last chapters present a good, if very brief, survey of what (in small part) biology has to say on evolution and sociological problems. His belief in the preponderating influence of the great masses of common men—as opposed to the influence of forceful individuals—and his faith in the superior power of environment are comprehensible coming from one of his sympathies; but these opinions have no peculiarly firm basis in scientific fact. I shall not call them pseudo-scientific or fiendish—simply non-scientific, emotional, propagandistic.

H. M. PARSHLEY

Prescott's Letters

The Correspondence of William Hickling Prescott: 1833 to 1847. Edited by Roger Wolcott. Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

THE charm of correspondence when, like Prescott's, it happens to be correspondence with a charm lies surely most of all in its simple and unassuming contemporaneity. It is less affected than history, more artless than memoirs, and far more honest than the publicity which gets into news and proceedings; and because of these virtues it gives us perhaps our most competent images of the men and manners of times gone by. Certainly the Prescott letters have such a character, partly because of the variety and range of their contacts, partly by the native flavor of their thought and style—as it were introducing us *con amore* into the gracious society of men and women now grown ghostly, men and women who seem to us delightfully genuine in spite of their artifice, doubtless because they were unaware of it just as we are mainly unaware of our own.

The historian was a man of genial fame in the period covered by the letters, and these show that he quite deserved it. By disposition he was a man of the world, that is, of the polite and humane world, but by the chance of a tempered fate, his near-blindness, he was compelled for the most part to associate with this world at second remove. Perhaps it was this which gave us his histories, as surely it had much to do with the fulness, in expression as in quantity, of his correspondence—largely done by aid of the noctograph, which must have whiled away many an hour of dark seclusion.

One is tempted, also, to accredit in part to Prescott's disability the quite splendidly generous assistance which he received in his work from scholarly strangers in many lands. Doubtless the difficulties under which he worked, as also the manliness with which he faced them, added a touch of the heroic to his personality which the romantic spirit of his time was quick to acclaim—yes, and exaggerate, for we find a humorous turn in a letter from Edward Everett, then minister to Great Britain, to the effect that "Sir John Hobhouse last Saturday evening insisted upon it: you were as blind as a mole, and being a quiet man I was obliged to let him have his way." But whether aided by this or by the sole fame of his talents, the letters show the Yankee historian receiving the ungrudging and constant assistance of Americans and foreigners alike in his quest of materials for his histories. Almost the sole exception was Mignet, the French historian, who refused to Prescott's loyal friend and aid, the Comte Adolphe de Circourt, permission to make extracts from a manuscript diary of Charles V. From other sources aid was more than free, and not only from American diplomats abroad but especially from Don Pascual de Gayangos he received quite priceless help, while the Scottish wife of the Spanish minister to Mexico, Fanny Calderón de la Barca, served obviously as eyes for his vivid descriptions of that land.

It is entirely clear from the letters that Prescott was a highly conscientious literary historian—literary as distinguished from the more modern "scientific" recorders of the past. He was determined to found his work upon the best sources, and spent freely to obtain them; he was anxious that there should be no mere re-hash, but some new and unused foundation for each of his books; but there seems to have lain in his motive as much concern for the value of discoveries as embellishment as for their value as additional truth, and the idea of being exhaustive in the matter of sources did not enter his head (or at all events he was too wise to entertain it). For him, and for his generation, history is justified for the tale it has to tell, and the historian is quite the artist. Furthermore (it comes to us as a bit of a shock in these days of carload shipments) a book was in itself a work of art and an object of respect. Prescott was concerned about the quality of the paper and the

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blackness of the ink as well as about the accuracy of the notes, and very much concerned that his pages should be adorned with the best obtainable engravings of the personages of note who justified them as history and letters. It is all a part of the glamor of the time, before the humanities had surrendered to the sciences and while romance was still dear with reality.

Doubtless the chief value of the letters will be for the historian (if he shall arise) who may find himself intrigued by the task of depicting the spirit of refinement as it was felt and lived in the genteel forties. There were still Yankees in those days, interesting to the Continent, grandly patronized by the British, and themselves looking rather askance at some of their compatriots, even the highest placed: "In the evening went to a soirée at the President's, a mean-looking individual enough, who gapes and chaws tobacco." The President in question was Polk, and Prescott adds that "Madame is much more of a President in air and conversation." Air and conversation, somehow, in a most excellent quality pervade the whole correspondence.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER

Brindled Poems

This Waking Hour. Poems by Leon Serabian Herald. Introduction by Zona Gale. Thomas Seltzer. $1.75.

> The waking hour is the gate
> Through which flocks of thoughts
> Scatter into the pasture.

THUS the opening of the lyric which gives this book its title. What manner of thoughts are these that come, skipping like rams, to graze upon the mountains? One would say that they were the flocks of Jacob's choosing, ring-straked with sad-colored memories and spotted with darkened hopes. Such Scriptural images come naturally to the mind after reading Mr. Herald's poems, wherein an Occidental sharpness of wit mingles curiously with an Oriental richness of fantasy. Nearly all the lyrics show the poet to be a mystic, a mystic strangely nurtured upon disaster and loneliness and despair. Nearly all show him reaching out, beyond the horrors of yesterday, the poverty of today, the dread blank that is tomorrow, toward some insubstantial, unapprehended reality which will clothe man again in the humanity he has so rudely put off.

This divinity he seeks is always an inward thing, as in the poem about the criminal who begged for punishment and was told by the people that his crime was not against them but against God, and who upon turning to God was told that the crime was not against Him but against the man's self:

> The criminal again went his way crying.
> He went away from where people dwell,
> He went away from where God dwells,
> He went far, far away and cried louder,
> "O Myself, good Myself, Myself Son of God,
> Wherever you are come unto me.
> I have committed a crime,
> Come, punish me."

There is something deeply moving in that quaint apostrophe.

Not all the poems strike so grave a note. The poet is a young Armenian who left his native village some thirteen years ago and who can never return to it. It has been wiped out. Several of the lyrics are charming remembrances of that lost village. Others are brief pointed images, like Alley Wind and Stars.

The section of the book called At Love's Manger contains some fine and delicate things. One of these, called Too Soon, reads like an old Eastern song such as E. Powys Mathers has rendered so felicitously into English.

The poet handles his words with the touch of a stranger to the language, and while this often results in freshness and vigor, and is the best safeguard against the cliché, it sometimes makes for involuntary humor. This is a fault which can be mended. A more serious matter is an apparent insensitiveness to certain incongruities of image. Thus an otherwise lovely piece is spoiled by the lines:

> The gentle Father, unused to chiding,
> Bends his head low over the child's face
> As if his eyes were tender breasts,
> As if his tears were sweet milk.

The final poem, which is rhymed, is impossible from every point of view. But few first books are unexceptionable. Here is one that expresses a fine and vigilant spirit, the spirit of a man who is worth watching.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Europe for Beginners

History of Europe from the Reformation to the Present Day. By Ferdinand Schevill. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THIS work has been ably performed, at times performed brilliantly. The viewpoint, skilfully and attractively set forth in the introductory chapter, is always comprehensive and always intelligent; the reasoning is clear and frequently stimulating. The arrangement of material approaches perfection. Several chapters, notably those entitled European Civilization Toward the Middle of the Seventeenth Century and Political, Social, Economic, and Intellectual Currents Between 1648 and 1789, are admirable. The chapter on the Renaissance and the section on the church in the chapter on the Middle Ages are perhaps not equaled at the present moment within similar compass.

But "this work is not a history of European civilization; it is and desires to be looked upon as a portal to such a history." Moreover, it "is avowedly a book for beginners." What profit will the beginner derive from fifteen pages devoted to the Middle Ages (a section of less than two pages discussing feudalism!)? Of what use is the illuminating and stimulating account of the Renaissance for the student for whom "primus inter pares" has to be translated? The author has done well with the two hundred-odd pages devoted to the period 1500-1648; the one hundred and twenty pages which deal with the period 1648-1789 are reasonably successful. But the three hundred pages assigned to Europe since 1789 contain a narrative not measurably different from several accounts now on the market. The chapters on the French Revolution and Napoleon are too long in proportion; probably no one will ever make them really brief. Other chapters are decidedly thin. The chapter on Great Britain is a masterpiece of condensation. But the chapters which discuss the industrial revolution and the scientific development of the nineteenth century are disappointing.

Nor is the author immune from more specific attack. A single brief mention of the Conciliar movement seems insufficient. One is dismayed to find so many pages devoted to the "divorce" of Henry VIII. The author could answer the majority of his own questions concerning the responsibility for the massacre of St. Bartholomew if he would but read Van Dyke's "Catherine de Médicis," published in 1922. There is no mention of Van Dyke in the list of references appended to this chapter. One also notes the omission of the names of Lord Acton and the author's own colleague, Professor Thompson. Indeed these lists of references seem to have been constructed in accordance with no fixed policy. The omission of recent and relevant titles is fairly frequent.

The book contains many striking bits of characterization and many apt phrases, but the reviewer must indicate his astonishment at the picture of Elizabeth as "old, childless and lonely." The statement by which the author attempts to indicate the paternal relationship between the late President Wilson and the League of Nations will be read at least twice by the most casual student. Perhaps this was the intention of the author.

SIDNEY R. PACKARD

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Books in Brief

Labor Attitudes and Problems. By Willard E. Atkins and Harold D. Lasswell. Prentice-Hall, Inc. $5.

This book represents a frank departure from the textbooks on labor problems heretofore available. The authors are interested not so much in unions, picketing, boycotts, political action, and kindred manifestations of the labor struggle as in promoting an understanding of the "attitudes" of the workers which produce these manifestations. They seek to explain the labor movement in terms of the aspirations and desires of the men and women who make up the working population. Approaching the problems of labor from this novel angle—beginning unconventionally with causes rather than with effects—they have produced what seems to be quite the most useful and stimulating textbook in its field. The major discussion is opened with a series of pictures—sketchy but adequate—of the workers in the great industries of coal, steel, clothing, agriculture, so that the student may see the workers in the very setting out of which the so-called "labor problems" arise. This scrutiny is supplemented by an historical outline of the evolution of our industrial age and a concise statement of the social problems it has brought the working class: unemployment, the wage system disability. The student is then ready for the authors' story of the struggle of the workers to improve their economic position through unionism, cooperation, and various forms of political and industrial action, opposed and limited by the counter-activities of the employers. A chapter on community control of industrial relations, either through public opinion or through legislation, concludes the book. The whole is calculated to curb the flair for vacuous generalization which the labor field seems to stimulate, not only in the tyro but even in those who have had many years of contact with these problems.

Mass Education for Workers. Brookwood Labor College. 50 cents.

The record of a conference by labor teachers on the methods of cultural mass education among the workers as against specialized training in trade unionism. The pamphlet is of popular interest.

The Roman Colonate, the Theories of its Origin. By Roth Clausing. Columbia University Press.

The greatest mystery of late Roman history is the adscription of the tenantry to the soil, which without any warning is referred to as an accomplished fact in Constantine's rescript of 332. Naturally every historian of Rome has tried to explain the origin of the custom, and we must be grateful to Dr. Clausing for his well-ordered survey of the unwieldy "literature" of the subject. His criticisms of the various theories are also useful, though not always penetrating. For instance, his review of Rostovtzeff's brilliant book on the Colonate does not even approach the debating ground; he seems not to have studied the conditions which produced the documents under discussion. His own brief reconstruction at the end, however, reveals good judgment in avoiding the enticements of inappropriate parallels from Egypt. Unfortunately at this point he has said little that was not already said thirty years ago.

Tales of the Long Bow. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

In "The Club of Queer Trades" and "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" Mr. Chesterton was always trying to put a modern pig into an ancient poke, but always he had an astounding skill at telling a story. Herein he forms a club of eccentrics who prove the truth of ancient proverbs by eating hats made from cabbages and making pigs fly by putting them in parachutes and managing white elephants by giving them to a man named White, and at last organizing an agrarian revolution and restoring the land to the peasants. Of late the mind of Mr. Chesterton has grown heavy and his dialectic has grown continuous and garrulous. His power of narrative has hardened to a process of irresponsible logic. He has lost his magics and spells and got all tangled up like a protesting blue-bottle caught in the evil spider's web of modern life.

Tales of Fishing Virgin Seas. By Zane Grey. Harper and Brothers. $5.

A well-told tale, magnificently illustrated with a hundred lucky photographs of Mr. Grey's expedition to Southern waters after big sea-game. Better than all his invented stories put together.

The Philosophy of William James. Drawn from his own works. With an introduction by Horace M. Kallen. *H. M. S. Pinafore and Other Plays.* By W. S. Gilbert. *Jungle Peace.* By William Beebe. *Camille.* By Alexandre Dumas. *Poor White.* By Sherwood Anderson. *Wuthering Heights.* By Emily Bronte. The Modern Library Publishers. 95 cents each.

These latest volumes in the Modern Library are evidence that under its new management this series is to continue to be of signal value. The physical features—as, for instance, the leather used in the binding—are decidedly improved.

The Le Gallienne Book of American Verse. Edited with an introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

Running lightly from Freneau to Farrar, this new member of the Le Gallienne series of anthologies is on the whole well balanced; and certainly it is readable. Without at all doing justice to Mr. Robinson and a number of other modern poets, Mr. Le Gallienne is sufficiently aware of the importance of the field, for in his introduction he says: "Contemporary American poetry is at present the most vital and original being written in the English tongue. For the moment, at all events, it looks as though the future of English poetry is to be in America."

Modern German Poetry. Translated, with an Introduction, by Ludwig Lewisohn. Little Blue Book No. 775. Girard, Kansas: Haldeman-Julius Company. 5 cents.

Rarely has so much good modern poetry been purchasable for a nickel. Mr. Lewisohn, after an introduction in which he reiterates his well-known conviction that Germany during the past fifty years has made a unique and important contribution to the lyric poetry of the world, furnishes skilful and passionate versions of specimens from Nietzsche, von Liliencron, Holz, Dehmel, Hesse, von Hofmannsthal, Rilke, and Stefan George. An excellent introduction to an excellent subject.

Manito Masks. Dramatizations, with Music, of American Indian Spirit Legends. By Hartley Alexander. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

Mr. Alexander's task, which he admits is an all but impossible one, is to "invent a form in which the charm of Indian lore may be translated into a poetic and dramatic idiom at once suitable to its native spirit and intelligible to our own." Previous attempts have generally resulted either in white man's jingle or in red man's jargon. Mr. Alexander is both a scholar and a poet; therefore he comes as near success, perhaps, as the difference between the two cultures involved will ever permit.

The Trial of Jesus. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Mr. Masefield's new verse-prose play tells an exciting story crudely.

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Drama

A Dublin Success

EVERY now and then some work of art has the good fortune to be acclaimed for what it ought to be rather than for what it is. Some audience wants a particular thing said, a book or a play gives evidence of trying to say that thing, and the eagerness of the audience, supplying deficiencies out of its own imagination, gives to mere good intention the applause which rightfully belongs to accomplishment alone. Something of this sort, I think, must explain the fact that "Juno and the Paycock" (Mayfair Theater), by the young Irish workman Sean O'Casey, was acclaimed in Dublin as a masterpiece, but seems when transplanted to New York only a rather bungling affair which though frequently amusing reveals the inexperienced hand of its author in its halting action and its frequent lapses into conventional theater. Behind it, as behind so much mediocre art, there lies no doubt the sincerest of feeling, and the author, it is easy to see, is passionately aware of the tragic irony of his people's predicament; but he lacks the art to give his perceptions any really forceful expression and his work will seem satisfying only to those who are so full of the things he has to say that they can project upon his work their own feelings.

Ireland, he wishes to tell us, is the eternal Pagliacci at whose antics the world laughs while the clown heart breaks. Paddy, the amiable ne'er-do-well who escapes with his song and his glass from the troubles which beset him, has won the contemptuous tribute of an amused smile and a patronizing affection, but he has forfeited the respect of those whom he entertains, and the very qualities which have contributed to make him a sympathetic comic figure have served to involve him deeper and deeper in misery. Even his idealism and his love of country, when they have not exhausted themselves in sentimental effusions, have turned to the fanaticism which sets brother to murder brother, and as a result that Emerald Isle, the very mention of which is enough to suggest the broadest of comedy, is actually sunk in squalor and drenched in blood. England has played the villain's part, but Ireland has played opposite in the fool's role, and all in all it is a sorry farce.

Such, I say, is the thing which the author has wished to communicate, and there are moments, like that at the end when the central character stumbles drunkenly into the wretched and empty home which his incompetence has brought to ruin, when the values inherent in the situation are fully realized; but these moments are few and the play as a whole, absurdly padded out with farcical scenes which have no place off the music hall stage, wabbles precariously instead of marching forward with the steady pace which tragedy demands. The fault lies primarily in the artistic immaturity of the author, who cannot, save in moments, actually say what he has to say and who is compelled constantly to fall back upon the tritest of situations and incidents when his powers fail him. Even the characters are, with one exception, half human and half puppet: Captain Boyle, an Irish Micawber with a deadly fear of work, is conceived forcefully and without relenting, and the gradual emergence of the impotent brutality which lies behind his blustering good fellowship is the finest thing in the piece; but none of the other characters is so real. Doubtless the rather uncertain tone which marks the production in spite of Augustin Duncan's admirable interpretation of the chief role has something to do with the fact that "Juno and the Paycock" seems less moving here than it did on its own soil; but the fault lies primarily, I think, in the play itself. There it borrowed virtue from its relevance to the tension in the audience itself; here it must depend upon its art alone, and that art does not seem to be quite sufficient.

"The Moon Is a Gong," the new play by John Dos Passos now playing at the Cherry Lane, must be added to the list of those failures which are doubly discouraging by virtue of the fact that their authors had previously promised so much. Cast into the most extreme of expressionistic forms, and dealing with the revolt of youth against a machine civilization, it does little but go over familiar ground once more and seem only violent and noisy when it should be stirring. All its symbolic figures—the Publicity Man, the Jazz Boys, Death in the guise of a Doctor, and even the Sidewalk Astronomer—have appeared before; the symbols of the expressionistic drama, like all other symbols, wear thin very rapidly indeed. And as for plot, even chaos can be portrayed only once, for chaos—and this is its defect as a subject for art—is the same wherever you look at it. Helen Chandler adds no distinction to the acting.

At the Greenwich Village Theater "East Lynn" is being amusingly burlesqued in a production obviously inspired by the success which attended a similar treatment of "Fashion." The performance is genuinely amusing, but one cannot help feeling that in various respects the perennial old melodrama has not been given a fair chance, but is made to appear somewhat worse than it really is. "The Masque of Venice" (Mansfield Theater) is a quite entertaining English comedy dealing in the lightest of veins with the amorous adventures in Venice of a successful English author of hitherto blameless life, and its witty lines have the advantage of a genuinely literary polish.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Clergy or the Constitution

WE print below the text of a public proclamation issued by the Constituent Association of Mexico, an organization of members of the Constituent Assembly of 1917, and signed by seventy signers of the constitution.

The course followed by the Mexican clergy throughout history has always been considered by our legislators as prejudicial to the stability of our institutions. From 1821 to 1867 the clergy fought for the establishment of oligarchical governments in which the three privileged classes, namely, the clergy, the army, and the landholders, as masters of the nation's destiny, would allow the first-named to assume actual control of the political life of Mexico. History has shown that such systems have involved nations in the most serious of upheavals and resulted in ruthless oppression—burning the wings of thought in the flames of the Inquisition, as one of our great orators expressed it. The appalling ruin of the great kingdom responsible for the discovery of America, which early in the sixteenth century was the foremost nation in the world, was due to Philip II's policy of upholding and disseminating Catholicism by war and tyranny.

Whenever politics and religion have been combined, nations have met with disaster, such as paved the way for the philosophic and anarchistic reaction of the eighteenth century which left the ideal of personal liberty forever stamped on the human mind.

In Mexico, the clergy has fought every government that has come into power. Antonio Lopez of Santa Anna personifies the corrupt activities of a group which has dodged responsibility by using religion as a shield and has refused to recognize anything worthy of respect in human aspirations or social interests which did not bow down before its occult and irresponsible power.

The Pope refused to recognize Mexico's independence, thereby encouraging social unrest and sowing the seed of subsequent political revolts. Our government was denied the patronage which had been granted years before to Napoleon, who obtained it by force. Mexico was plunged into civil war, involving us in tremendous sacrifices and great national danger, in order to maintain the mortgages on church property. But when, after the war with Spain, the American Government demanded the sale of church property in the Philippines, its superior force was recognized and there was no opposition. In Mexico the clergy ignored the same law which was so meekly accepted in other countries. Such matters have no bearing upon the uprightness of the Catholic dogma or the moral standards of society, but relate to the material gratifications which the clergy has attempted to obtain by taking advantage of a people's good faith.

Financed by the unscrupulous commercialism which is trying to exploit the credulity of a people who cannot distinguish between religion and political intrigue, a group of reactionary writers has been carrying on a rabid campaign in the daily press. Without any apparent premeditation, but in reality profiting by this campaign, the clergy desired to bring Mexico under the bloody banner of religious struggles. To prevent this the supremacy of civil power had been established in the Reform Laws of 1859. Four principles of the constitution of 1917 have been picked out for ridicule and have formed the point of attack in proclaiming the rebellion of the clergy. This is an attempt to inject into a disturbing religious problem questions relating to civil rule, and to give the impression that Mexico is 100 years behind civilized nations where religious cults are held to definite limits, and beyond which the civil power exerciser repressive action over them.

The articles of the constitution which are now absorbing the attention of the rebellious clergy are: Article 3, on instruction; Article 5, on the sacrifice of personal liberty; Article 27, on property; and Article 130, on the supremacy of civil power.

Article 3 of the constitution has excited the wrath of the politically ambitious clergy, because by this article it is deprived of a weapon of propaganda against national institutions. No one can deny that it used its schools for this purpose, and that, by taking advantage of national history and civics classes, it planted the seed of discord and hatred in young minds, thus preventing the fusion of all the minds of the nation in a supreme spiritual unity. The clergy must not teach in Mexico, because when it had this privilege it ignobly perverted the crystal current of child mentality into the polluted pools of intolerance and religious persecution.

It is, furthermore, untrue that the work of the clergy in its schools is indispensable for the cultural life of the nation; the clergy, before the revolution, never had schools which were comparable numerically to the public schools of that period. And moreover, the schools known as Catholic were most inadequate, and their standards were much lower than those of the public schools. Their teachers were poorly paid—evident victims of the deplorable work which was demanded of them. The methods of teaching in the clerical schools were antiquated. . . . And as for the schools for poor children, how many were maintained by the clergy in 1910? No one who has gone into the problem thoroughly and who has studied the country at that period will deny the following facts:

1. The Catholic schools were so few in number that they were confined to a minority of the states; there were none on the seacoast or boundaries.

2. Where clerical schools did exist there were fewer of them than of the public schools, and at no time did the number reach one-fifth of the public schools.

3. The technical efficiency of the clerical institutions was almost nil in comparison with that of the public schools, whether owing to the methods of the clerical schools, their lack of equipment, the inadequancy of buildings, or because of the scarcity of teachers and funds needed for their salaries. . . .

It is not, then, their ambition to educate the young which is behind the opposition of the clergy to Article 3 of the Constitution, but the reconquest of a political weapon, because their schools, inadequate as they were, enabled them to carry on their opposition to civil authority, and to range themselves as one against another.

If we mention the clerical schools for the children of the well-to-do, we shall see that although they were not so inadequate as the schools for poor children, yet they had no importance from the standpoint of culture, but did have disadvantages which we shall enumerate. Generally established in the thickly populated centers, they were devoted to the education of children whom fortune had favored, and were run by Jesuits, Marists, Teresians, and other religious bodies imported from abroad under the protection of the tolerant dictatorship. It was not unusual, therefore, for these schools to be constantly revealing the national tendency of their leaders, and as a result the children were taught to pray in French, abolishing the mother tongue in prayer; they were taught to judge the international conflicts of Mexico with other countries from the national view of their teachers, and it was not uncommon to find children who regarded the French invasion of Mexico through the eyes of the French invaders. Even more serious, however, is the social sediment left us by these schools that the Mexican clergy is so anxious to conserve—a sediment which may be considered the most terrible and damaging result of the 1917 Constitution, because the idle young people who squander their heritage or put it into mortgages, and who are utterly ignorant of the problems of the nation and who in the hour of crisis hold back like cowards or enlist in foreign ranks, are the legitimate children, the inevitable offspring of the clerical schools. The United States uses its

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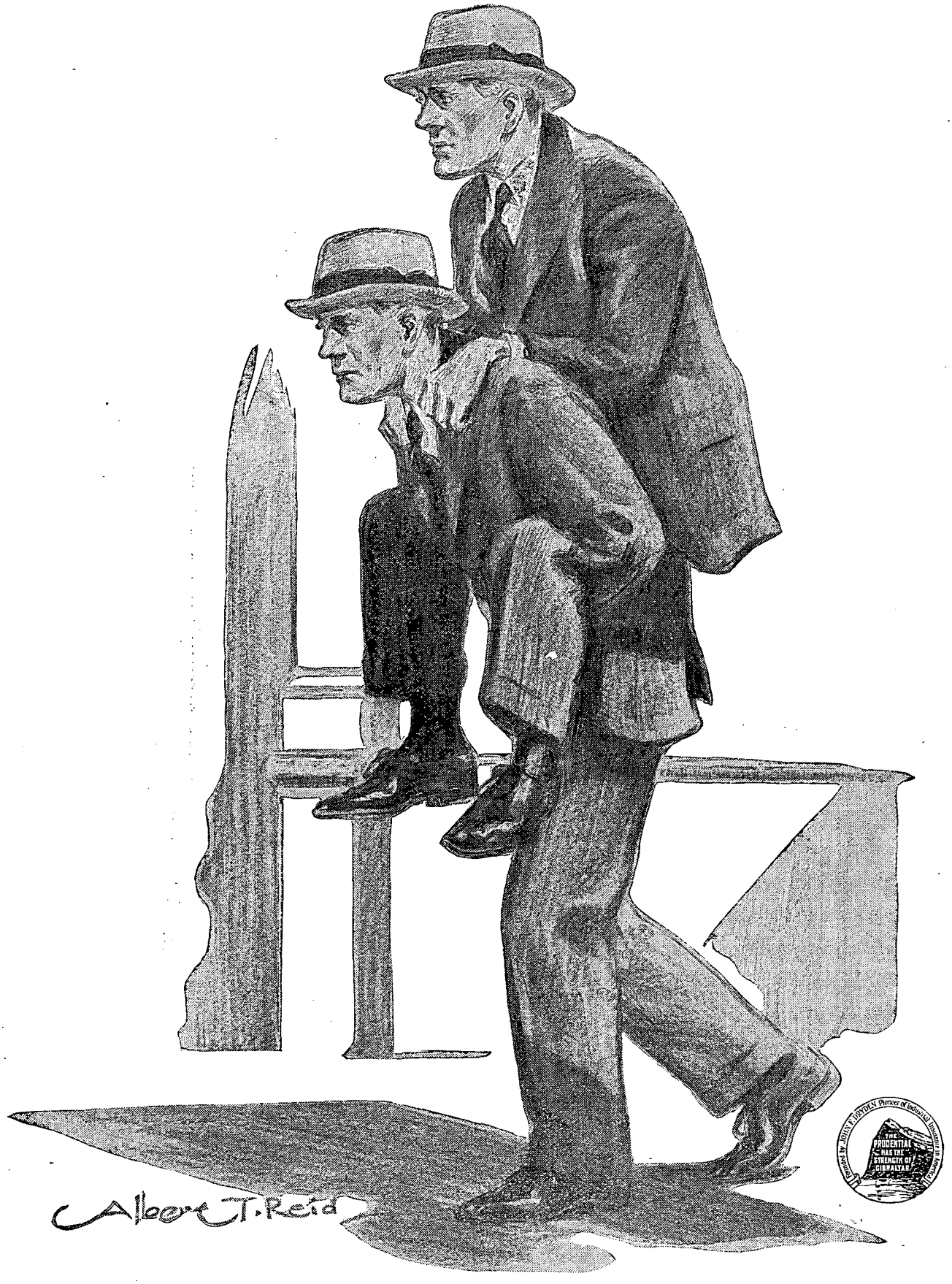

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schools to Americanize the foreign population; we, before Article 3 of the Constitution went into effect, had schools in which the Mexican was being alienized.

Out of date, to the point of appearing archaic, is the debate on the sacrifice of individual liberty which has been aroused by all this clerical agitation. The clergy has resurrected an old problem that was solved in 1859 and has not been attacked for more than half a century, suddenly raising it to a plane of primary importance.

Ever since colonial times there have been representatives of New Spain going to the King, begging him to refuse to authorize the establishment of more convents, because even in early periods people had some idea of the drawbacks of such institutions. Economic life was affected by the fact that more than half the landed property of the whole nation was owned by the church; family life suffered from the segregation of its members behind the walls of the cloisters, where loved ones were buried alive; and even the individual conception of life was affected by the existence of such large numbers of idle and unproductive persons.

The modern idea of the active, productive, and industrious life which we so need to learn and to practice, would find a mortal enemy in that haven for the hereditary defects of the race which the convents would soon become. How shameful that there should be anyone who wish to revive what people were attempting to abolish 200 years ago! A little more, and they will be asking civil coercion for ecclesiastical voting, and requesting the government to imprison and discipline farmers who do not pay their tithes. Another "income tax"!

Perhaps they will even ask that liberty of the press be suspended for the same reason that Virrey Venegas gave for suspending it in 1813: "In the little time that liberty of the press has been established, there has been the most scandalous abuse . . . things have been printed that are positively disrespectful!"

During the Porfirist dictatorship the clergy did not protest against the execution of the laws relating to nationalization of church property. It feared that the claw of despotism was hidden beneath the white glove of conciliation.

Fear has always been responsible for gestures of submission on the part of the clergy. Religion had its martyrs, but this clerical agitation is the depraved form of religious opinion; it is ambition for power—the aftermath of evangelical humility.

An attack is being made on Article 27 of the constitution, which prohibits the clergy from holding landed property, and the motto now is less delicate than a year ago, when it was: Religion and Laws. Law dignifies the individual and is a step in social progress which should be maintained. But now the motto is: Religion and Money. How far we are from Assisi! What an insult to the wandering apostle who passed into history, perhaps to glory, with the nickname of poor man, Motolinia! And into what oblivion have fallen the peace-bringing words which were first heard on a hill in Galilee: "Blessed are the poor, for they shall inherit the earth."

During half a century the clergy adjusted itself to a regime under which it was prohibited from holding landed property and which was established by the Constitution of 57. But now it has had to link this cause, won in Querétaro on June 19, 1867, with the rebellion of the oil interests and the foreign diplomatic pressure against the very same Article 27 of the present constitution. The clergy says to the oil men: "You are not alone in your attack on nationalism and sovereignty—we are rallying to your banner." . . .

Article 130 of the constitution, in addition to its confirmation of the Reform Laws, against which the clergy made no protest for fifty years, contains certain prohibitions aimed at preventing the formation of illegitimate interests by using the cloak of a religious creed to deceive the people.

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A Million Dollar Challenge! Will Liberals Match It?

"CHURCHES SEEK SCHOOLS' AID TO TEACH RELIGION

A $1,000,000 Endowment Fund is to be raised for the movement."—*N. Y. World*, March 15, 1926.

Never has there been a more direct and definite challenge to liberals than this. Will they match it?

WE live in a momentous period of American history. Our government, founded as a secular state, is in danger of being dominated by the church.

Dogmas and superstitions that are being gradually discarded because of the increasing intelligence of the people are now to be introduced into the minds of the school children in an attempt to so warp them that they will never be able to think rationally after this process is completed! What cannot be accomplished by law is now to be attempted by money.

New York State is, at this very moment, the battleground of a bitter struggle. Shall the State remain politically free, or will it become a vassal of the church?

The FREETHINKERS' SOCIETY is fighting to keep the church and its bigotry out of every branch of our government, including the public school system.

Last year the FREETHINKERS' SOCIETY brought suit in Mt. Vernon to prevent the early dismissal of public school children for the purpose of receiving religious instruction, and were granted by Justice Seeger a permanent injunction restraining this practice. On February 13th, last, in the Supreme Court at Albany, arguments were heard by Justice Ellis J. Staley in the mandamus proceedings brought by the Society to compel the State Board of Education to obey the law as interpreted by Justice Seeger. Justice Staley asked that briefs be submitted and reserved decision.

Now a most brazen attempt is being made to accomplish by money what the Church could not win through subterfuge or through defiance of the law. *The New York World* has just printed a series of articles describing this crisis in American education. In the first article point was made of an offer by *William E. Knox, President of the Bowery Savings Bank*, of New York, to raise ONE MILLION DOLLARS to effect religious instruction in the public schools.

How will this million dollars be used? Certainly no school officials may be purchased with it. Certainly no effort dare be made to sway justice with it. But those who have watched the actions of wealthy individuals and corporations in the courts have an inkling of the sinister purpose of this million dollar offer. What can this money be used for except to obstruct justice, to prolong the action, to drag it out until a fund unequal to theirs is exhausted. Then, through sheer lack of money to carry on the case, *The cause of religious freedom will be lost!*

If we have appealed to you before, think how much more urgently we ask your aid now. One million dollars is to be dumped into the scales against us. It is for you and for all liberals to help balance the scales. We cannot hope to get one million dollars from one person, or ten, or a thousand. We can only hope that every person who believes in the principles of freethought, free speech, *a public school system free of religious influences* will count this Million Dollar Challenge as a personal affront—and contribute his or her share to our fund.

¶ If you wish to reduce religious intolerance, hatred and strife.

¶ If you deplore the use of public money for religious purposes.

¶ If you realize that liberty to follow the dictates of one's conscience is secure only where state and church are kept apart.

¶ If you wish to be a factor in maintaining the liberties we still enjoy.

Send us your contribution and help us to preserve that time-honored American principle of the Separation of Church and State.

What Freethought Is

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Let the Catholics exercise their rights freely, but as citizens, as members of one nation for whose development all beliefs are united; let them form political parties, but such parties, aiming at the conquest of state power, arousing men's passions, and acting in behalf of definite interests, should not under any conditions mislead the people by taking the name of a religion, to drag it down into the mire of sacrilege and simony.

To complete the evolution begun by the Reform Laws of 1859 with the separation of church and state, and to consolidate the supremacy of civil power in the political government of society, it was declared that the legal or collective entity of religious creeds was no longer recognized. (This applied not only to Catholics, but to all beliefs.) This attitude of the government resulted from the conviction that those guilty under laws relating to public worship, the enforcement of which is in the hands of the civil authorities, should not be protected by orders from superiors who, owing to their social position, consider themselves safe from prosecution, or because of their foreign residence believe that the Mexican authorities cannot take action against them.

For centuries history has borne testimony of a steady progress toward the emancipation of thought and toward the supremacy of civil power. Mexican reactionaries have not got it in their power to stem the tide of history.

The Constituent Association, having completed the task of presenting certain arguments in defense of the Constitution, which has been so slanderously attacked, expresses its approval of the vigorous steps taken by the Chief Executive in prosecuting those who are attempting to revive the religious-political struggles which in past times steeped the nation in blood.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK VAN LOON wrote and illustrated "The Story of Mankind." His page of drawings appears every week in *The Nation.*

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation,* is now on his way to Moscow from Peking.

JAMES MURPHY left Rome because of censorship of newspaper dispatches and is now writing from France. This is the second of a series of articles on the present political situation in Italy.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun,* writes regularly to *The Nation* from Washington.

SILAS BENT writes on political and economic questions for magazines and newspapers.

H. M. PARSHLEY is professor of zoology at Smith College.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER is the author of "Manito Masks, Dramatizations with Music of American Indian Spirit Legends." He is professor of philosophy at the University of Nebraska.

BABETTE DEUTSCH is the winner of *The Nation's* 1926 Poetry Contest. She is the author of two books of verse, "Banners" and "Honey Out of the Rock."

SIDNEY R. PACKARD is professor of history at Smith College.

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